EVE’S DIARY

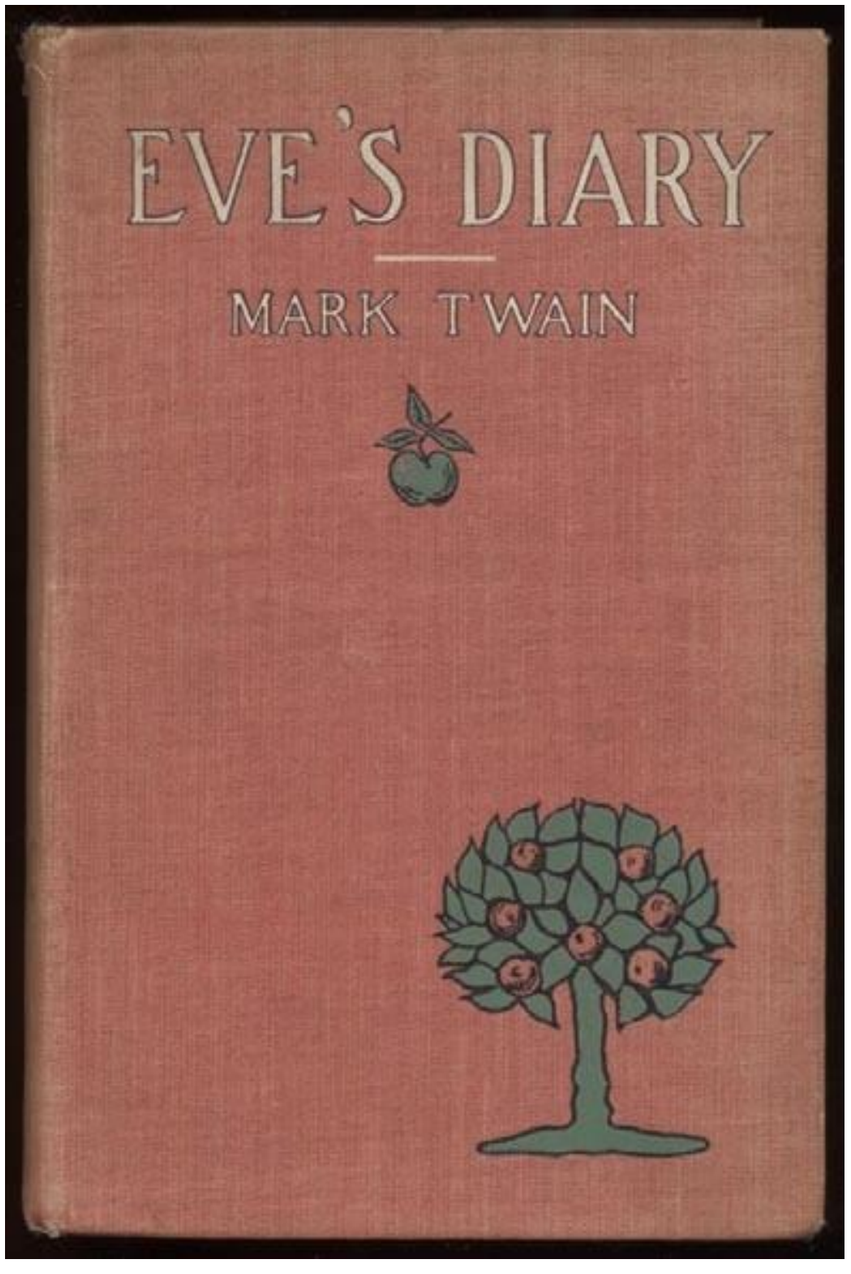
By Mark Twain

Illustrated by Lester Ralph

EVIN DNEVNIK

od Mark Twaina

Ilustirao Lester Ralph



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TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL MS.

By Mark Twain

ILLUSTRATED BY
LESTER RALPH

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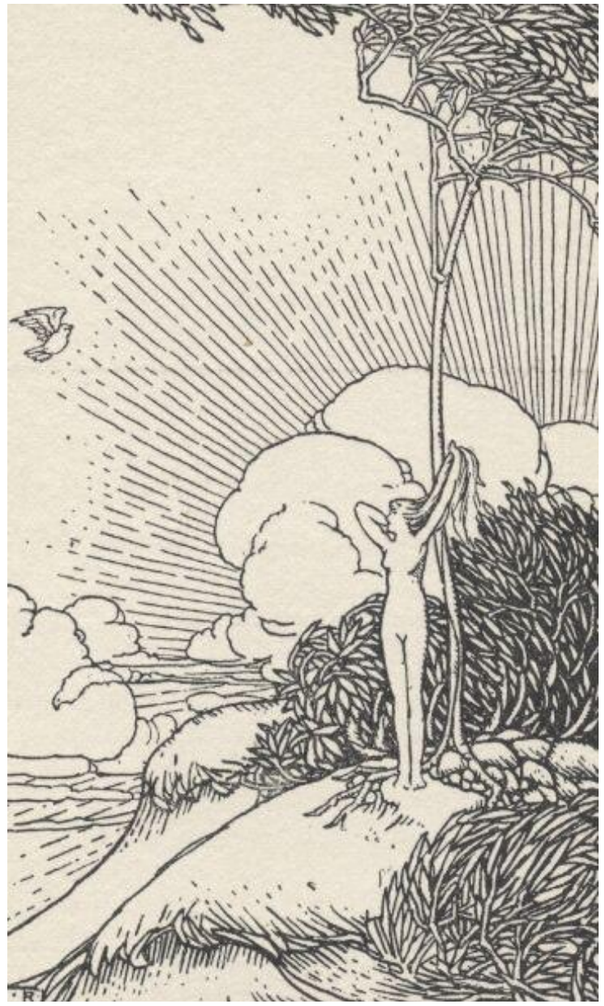
Translated from the Original

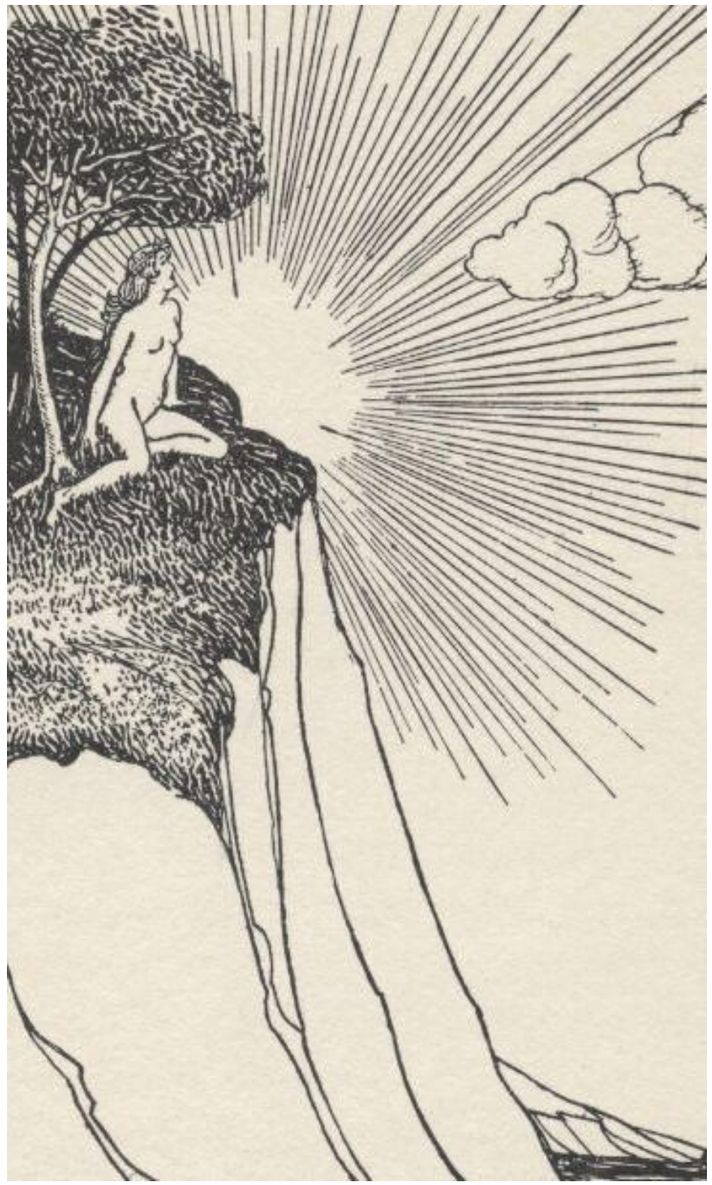
EVIN DNEVNIK

Prevedeno s originala



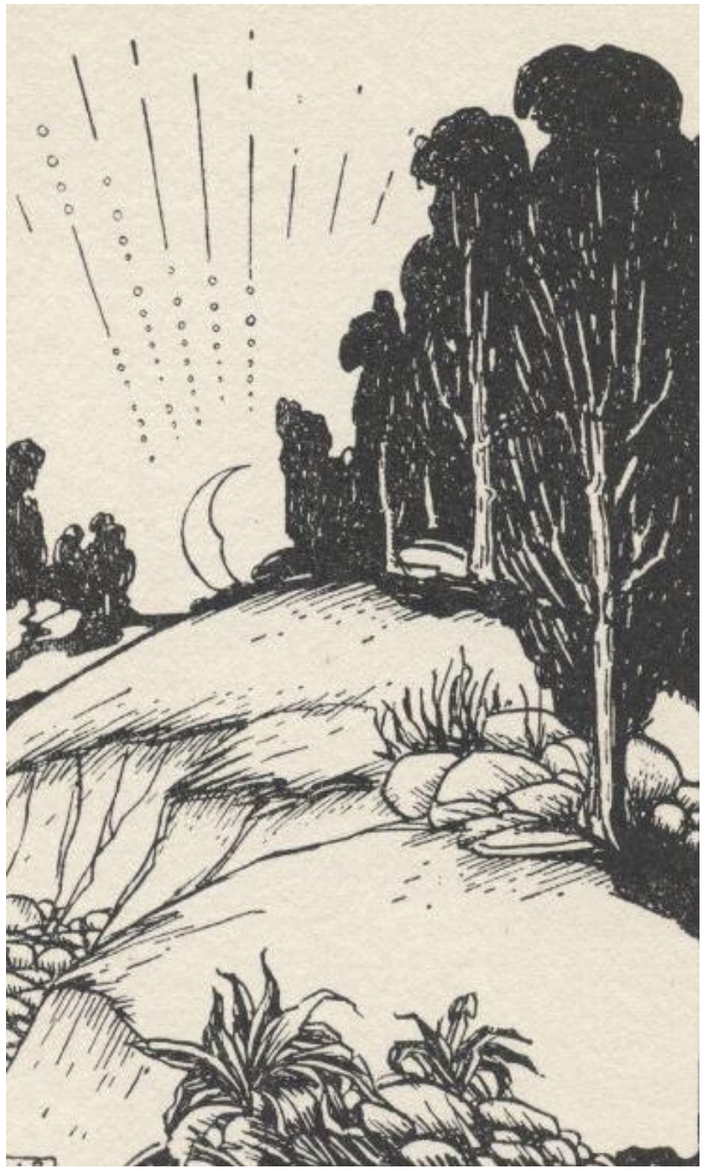
SATURDAY. — I am almost a whole day old, now. I arrived yesterday. That is as it seems to me. And it must be so, for if there was a day-before-yesterday I was not there when it happened, or I should remember it. It could be, of course, that it did happen, and that I was not noticing. Very well; I will be very watchful now, and if any day-before-yesterdays happen I will make a note of it. It will be best to start right and not let the record get confused, for some instinct tells me that these details are going to be important to the historian some day. For I feel like an experiment, I feel exactly like an experiment; it would be impossible for a person to feel more like an experiment than I do, and so I am coming to feel convinced that that is what I AM — an experiment; just an experiment, and nothing more.

SUBOTA. — Živim gotovo jedan dan. Došla sam jučer. Tako mi se bar čini. I bit će da je tako, jer, ako je bilo nekakvo prekjučer, mene tada nije bilo, jer bih se inače sjećala. Možda je, naravno, i bilo a da nisam zapazila. E lijepo; odsad ću dobro paziti, pa ako opet bude prekjučer, zabilježit ću. Najbolje će biti da počnem kako treba i da ne pobrkam zapise jer mi nešto govori da će ove pojedinosti biti jednog dana važne historičaru. Jer, osjećam se kao kakav pokusni kunić, osjećam se upravo kao kakav pokusni kunić; nitko se ne bi mogao tako osjećati kao pokusni kunić kako se ja osjećam, pa sve više vjerujem da je baš to ono što i jesam — pokusni kunić; samo pokusni kunić, i ništa više.



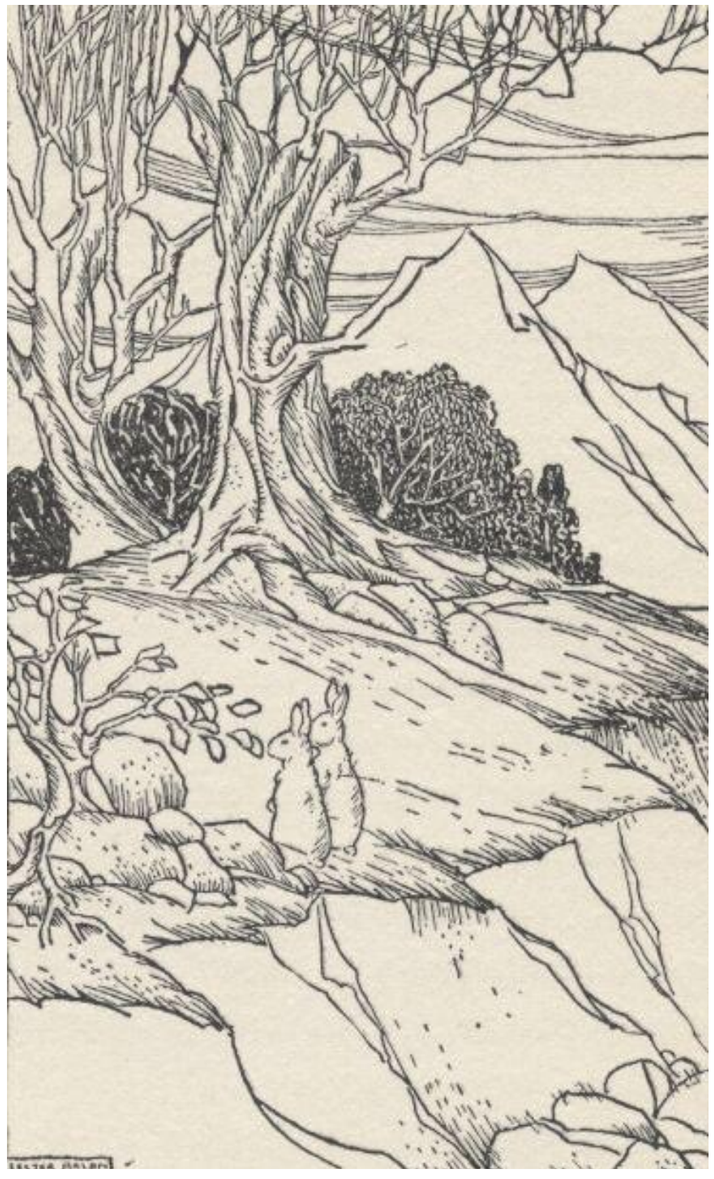
Then if I am an experiment, am I the whole of it? No, I think not; I think the rest of it is part of it. I am the main part of it, but I think the rest of it has its share in the matter. Is my position assured, or do I have to watch it and take care of it? The latter, perhaps. Some instinct tells me that eternal vigilance is the price of supremacy. [That is a good phrase, I think, for one so young.]

E pa onda, ako sam pokusni kunić, jesam li to samo ja? Ne, mislim da nisam; mislim da je još nešto dio pokusa. Ja sam glavni dio, ali mislim da i ono nešto ima udjela u svemu. Je li mi položaj zajamčen, ili moram paziti na nj i čuvati ga? Prije će biti ovo drugo. Nešto mi govori da je vječita budnost cijena kojom se plaća prvenstvo. (Čini mi se da je ovo dobra izreka za ovako mlado čeljade.)



Everything looks better today than it did yesterday. In the rush of finishing up yesterday, the mountains were left in a ragged condition, and some of the plains were so cluttered with rubbish and remnants that the aspects were quite distressing. Noble and beautiful works of art should not be subjected to haste; and this majestic new world is indeed a most noble and beautiful work. And certainly marvelously near to being perfect, notwithstanding the shortness of the time. There are too many stars in some places and not enough in others, but that can be remedied presently, no doubt. The moon got loose last night, and slid down and fell out of the scheme — a very great loss; it breaks my heart to think of it. There isn't another thing among the ornaments and decorations that is comparable to it for beauty and finish. It should have been fastened better. If we can only get it back again —

Danas mi se sve čini nekako bolje negoli jučer. U onoj žurbi da se sve završi jučer, planine su ostale nedotjerane, a neke su ravnice bile toliko zatrpane smećem i ostacima da je bilo žalosno pogledati ih. Velika i lijepa umjetnička djela ne bi se smjela stvarati na brzu ruku; a ovaj velebni novi svijet zaista je neobično veliko i lijepo djelo. I svakako je strašno blizu savršenstvu, uprkos tome što je stvoren za tako kratko vrijeme. Na nekim mjestima ima suviše zvijezda, a na nekima premalo, ali se tome može zacijelo lako doskočiti. Mjesec se sinoć odvezao, spuznuo i ispao iz cijelog sklopa — velika šteta; srce mi se para kad se toga sjetim. Nema takva uresa ni ukrasa koji bi se ljepotom i savršenstvom mogao s njim mjeriti. Trebalo ga je bolje privezati. Kad bi nam se bar vratio...

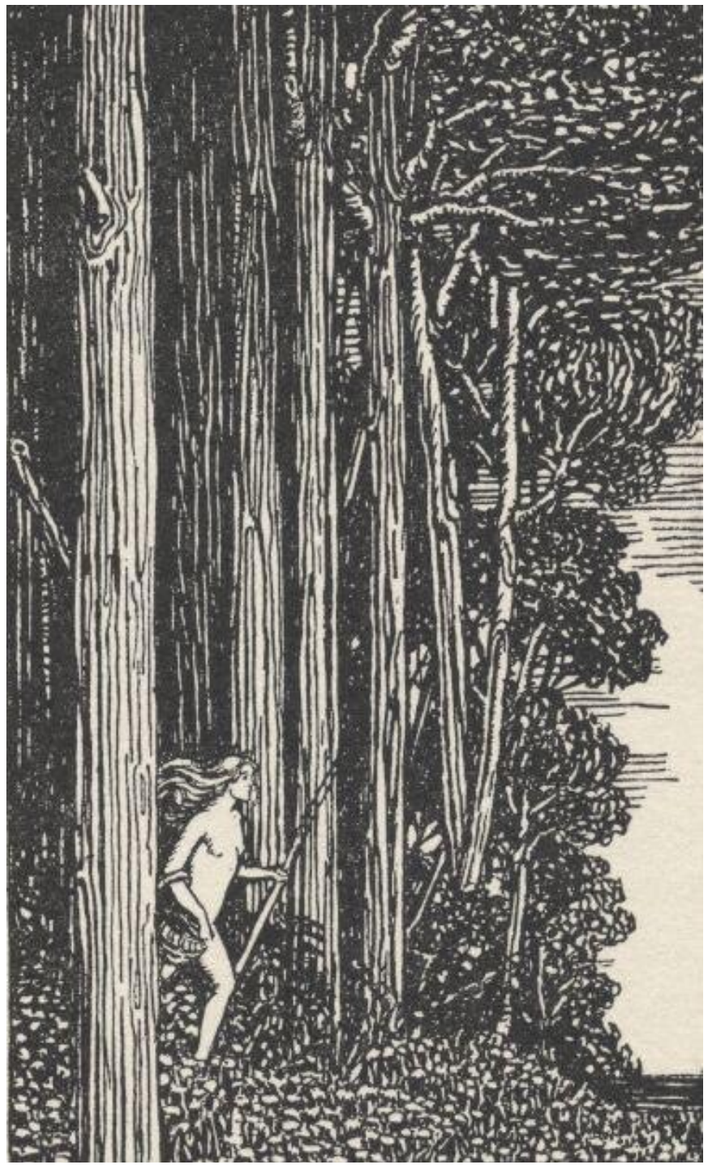


But of course there is no telling where it went to. And besides, whoever gets it will hide it; I know it because I would do it myself. I believe I can be honest in all other matters, but I already begin to realize that the core and center of my nature is love of the beautiful, a passion for the beautiful, and that it would not be safe to trust me with a moon that belonged to another person and that person didn't know I had it. I could give up a moon that I found in the daytime, because I should be afraid some one was looking; but if I found it in the dark, I am sure I should find some kind of an excuse for not saying anything about it. For I do love moons, they are so pretty and so romantic. I wish we had five or six; I would never go to bed; I should never get tired lying on the moss-bank and looking up at them.

Ali se, naravno, ne zna kamo je nestao. A, osim toga, tko ga god nađe sakrit će ga; znam ja to jer bih i sama tako uradila. Vjerujem da bih u svemu drugom mogla biti poštena, ali već pomalo shvaćam da je jezgro i srž moje naravi ljubav za sve što je lijepo, strast za sve što je lijepo, i da mi ne bi valjalo povjeriti na čuvanje mjesec koji pripada nekom drugom, a da taj ne zna da je kod mene. Ja bih se mogla odreći mjeseca kad bih ga našla usred bijela dana, jer bih se bojala da netko ne gleda; ali kad bih ga našla u mraku, sigurna sam da bih našla nekakav izgovor da nikom ništa ne kažem. Jer ja zaista volim mjesece, oni su tako dražesni i tako romantični. Da ih bar imamo pet-šest; nikad ne bih spavala; nikad mi ne bi dosadilo ležati na mahovinom obrasloj obali i gledati ih.

Stars are good, too. I wish I could get some to put in my hair. But I suppose I never can. You would be surprised to find how far off they are, for they do not look it. When they first showed, last night, I tried to knock some down with a pole, but it didn't reach, which astonished me; then I tried clods till I was all tired out, but I never got one. It was because I am left-handed and cannot throw good. Even when I aimed at the one I wasn't after I couldn't hit the other one, though I did make some close shots, for I saw the black blot of the clod sail right into the midst of the golden clusters forty or fifty times, just barely missing them, and if I could have held out a little longer maybe I could have got one.

I zvijezde su lijepe. Da mogu bar kako doći do koje od njih pa da ih zadjenem u kosu. Ali mi se čini da neću nikad moći. Začudili biste se kad biste znali koliko su daleko, a čini se da su blizu. Kad su se sinoć prvi put pokazale, pokušala sam oboriti koju od njih motkom, ali ih nisam mogla, začudo, doseći; tada sam bacala busenje na njih dok se nisam izmorila, ali nisam nijednu pogodila. To je zato što sam ljevakinja pa ne mogu dobro bacati, čak i kad sam gađala u onu koju nisam kanila oboriti, nisam mogla pogoditi onu drugu, mada nekoliko puta umalo što nisam pogodila, jer sam vidjela kako je četrdeset-pedeset puta crna mrlja busena uletjela pravo usred zlatnih grozdova promašivši ih za dlaku, pa bih možda bila i pogodila koju od njih da sam još malo ustrajala.



So I cried a little, which was natural, I suppose, for one of my age, and after I was rested I got a basket and started for a place on the extreme rim of the circle, where the stars were close to the ground and I could get them with my hands, which would be better, anyway, because I could gather them tenderly then, and not break them. But it was farther than I thought, and at last I had to give it up; I was so tired I couldn't drag my feet another step; and besides, they were sore and hurt me very much.

I couldn't get back home; it was too far and turning cold; but I found some tigers and nestled in among them and was most adorably comfortable, and their breath was sweet and pleasant, because they live on strawberries. I had never seen a tiger before, but I knew them in a minute by the stripes. If I could have one of those skins, it would make a lovely gown.

Zatim sam malo plakala, što je, mislim, prirodno za osobu moje dobi, a kad sam otpočinula, uzela sam košaru i pošla prema mjestu na krajnjem rubu kruga gdje su zvijezde bile blizu zemlji Lako da sam ih mogla dohvatiti rukama, što bi svakako bilo bolje, jer bih ih tada mogla pažljivo brati da se ne razbiju. Ali je to bilo dalje nego što sam mislila, pa sam najposlije morala odustati; bila sam toliko umorna da nisam više mogla ići ni korak? dalje; a osim toga, noge su mi bile ranjave i silno su me boljele.

Nisam se mogla vratiti kući; otišla sam predaleko i zahladjelo je; ali sam našla neke tigrove pa sam se privila uz njih tako da mi je bilo krasno i udobno, a zadah im je bio sladak i ugodan jer se hrane jagodama. Nikad prije nisam vidjela tigrove, ali sam ih odmah poznala po prugama. Kad bih mogla kako doći do takve kože, što bi to bio divan ogrtač!

Today I am getting better ideas about distances. I was so eager to get hold of every pretty thing that I giddily grabbed for it, sometimes when it was too far off, and sometimes when it was but six inches away but seemed a foot — alas, with thorns between! I learned a lesson; also I made an axiom, all out of my own head — my very first one; THE SCRATCHED EXPERIMENT SHUNS THE THORN. I think it is a very good one for one so young.

I followed the other Experiment around, yesterday afternoon, at a distance, to see what it might be for, if I could. But I was not able to make [it] out. I think it is a man. I had never seen a man, but it looked like one, and I feel sure that that is what it is. I realize that I feel more curiosity about it than about any of the other reptiles. If it is a reptile, and I suppose it is; for it has frowzy hair and blue eyes, and looks like a reptile. It has no hips; it tapers like a carrot; when it stands, it spreads itself apart like a derrick; so I think it is a reptile, though it may be architecture.

Danas sam razbistrila pojmove o udaljenosti Toliko sam bila željna da se dokopam svake zgodne stvari da sam nepromišljeno posezala za njima, ponekad kad je takva stvar bila predaleko, a ponekad, kad je bila svega šest palaca od mene, činilo mi se da je stopu daleko — a između nas je, jao, bilo trnje! Naučila sam nešto; i još sam izmislila izreku, sama iz svoje glave — svoju prvu izreku: OGREBENI POKUSNI KUNIĆ BJEŽI OD TRNJA. čini mi se da je to vrlo dobra izreka za ovakvo mlado čeljade.

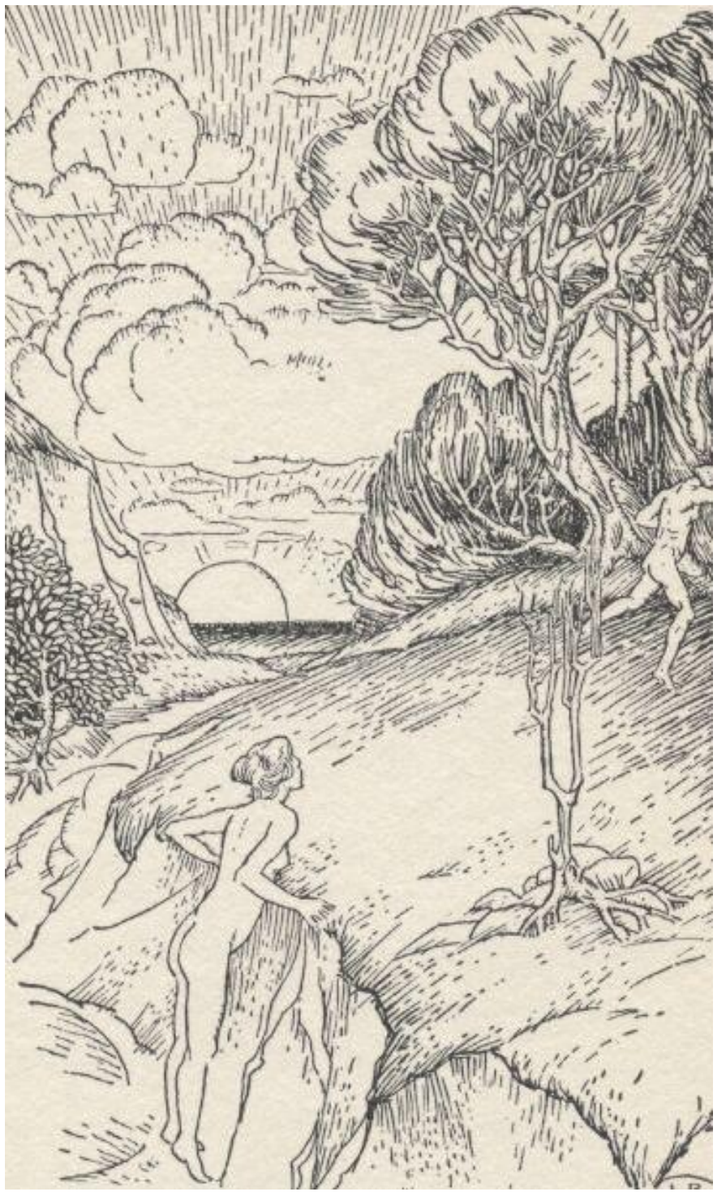
Jučer popodne išla sam, na određenom razmaku, za onim drugim pokusnim kunićem da vidim, ako mogu, čemu služi. Ali nisam mogla ništa utvrditi. Mislim da je čovjek. Ja nikad nisam vidjela čovjeka, ali je ono nalik na čovjeka, i nekako sam sigurna da je baš čovjek. Uvidjela sam da me više zanima od drugih gmazova. Ako je to gmaz, a rekla bih da jest; jer je raščupano i ima plave oči, i nalik je na gmaza. Nema kukova; sužava se prema dolje kao mrkva; kad stoji raskreči se kao vješala; zato mislim da je gmaz, iako bi moglo biti i građevina.

I was afraid of it at first, and started to run every time it turned around, for I thought it was going to chase me; but by and by I found it was only trying to get away, so after that I was not timid any more, but tracked it along, several hours, about twenty yards behind, which made it nervous and unhappy. At last it was a good deal worried, and climbed a tree. I waited a good while, then gave it up and went home.

Ispočetka sam ga se bojala i bježala kad god bi se okrenulo, jer sam mislila da će me progoniti; ali sam ubrzo zaključila da mi samo kuša umaći, pa ga se nisam više plašila već sam ga po nekoliko sati slijedila, na razmaku od dvadesetak koračaja, zbog čega se uzrujavalo i žalostilo. Naposljetku se vrlo ozlojedilo i popelo na drvo. Dugo sam čekala da siđe, a onda sam digla ruke i pošla kući.

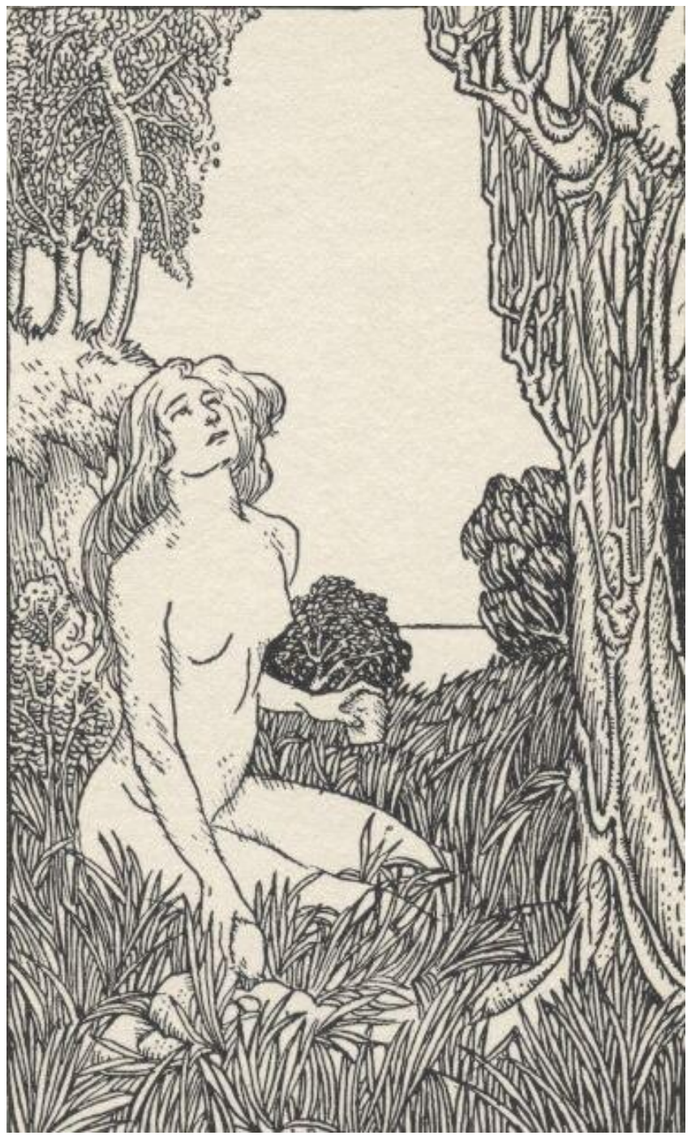
Today the same thing over. I've got it up the tree again.

Danas se ponovila ista priča. Opet sam ga natjerala na drvo.



SUNDAY. — It is up there yet. Resting, apparently. But that is a subterfuge: Sunday isn't the day of rest; Saturday is appointed for that. It looks to me like a creature that is more interested in resting than in anything else. It would tire me to rest so much. It tires me just to sit around and watch the tree. I do wonder what it is for; I never see it do anything.

NEDJELJA. — Još je ondje gore. Reklo bi se da se odmara. Ali je to samo smicalica: nedjelja nije dan odmora; subota je određena da to bude. Nekako mi se čini da se to stvorenje više voli odmarati no bilo šta drugo. Meni bi dojadilo da se toliko odmaram. Dojadi mi čak sjediti i motriti ono drvo. Htjela bih samo znati čemu ono služi; nikad ga nisam vidjela da šta radi.



They returned the moon last night, and I was SO happy! I think it is very honest of them. It slid down and fell off again, but I was not distressed; there is no need to worry when one has that kind of neighbors; they will fetch it back. I wish I could do something to show my appreciation. I would like to send them some stars, for we have more than we can use. I mean I, not we, for I can see that the reptile cares nothing for such things.

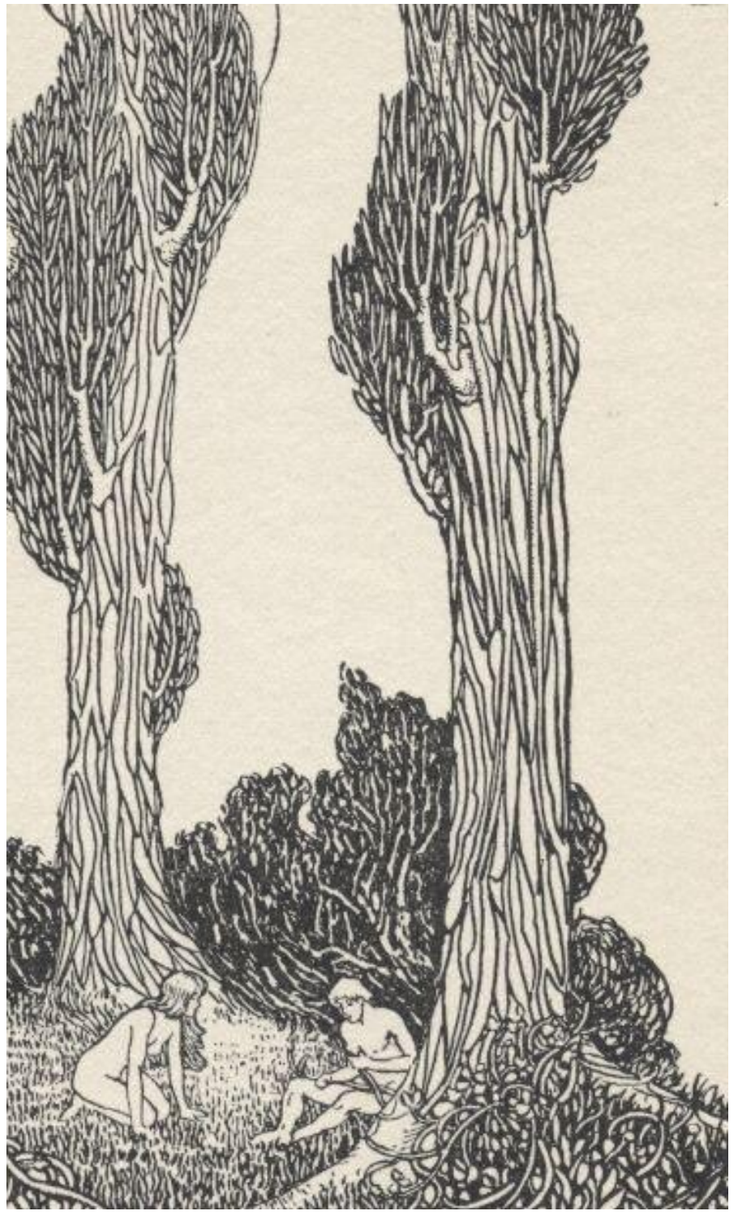
It has low tastes, and is not kind. When I went there yesterday evening in the gloaming it had crept down and was trying to catch the little speckled fishes that play in the pool, and I had to clod it to make it go up the tree again and let them alone. I wonder if THAT is what it is for? Hasn't it any heart? Hasn't it any compassion for those little creature? Can it be that it was designed and manufactured for such ungentle work? It has the look of it. One of the clods took it back of the ear, and it used language. It gave me a thrill, for it was the first time I had ever heard speech, except my own. I did not understand the words, but they seemed expressive.

Sinoć su nam vratili mjesec, pa sam bila TAKO sretna! Mislim da je to vrlo pošteno od njih. Opet je spuznuo i otpao, ali se nisam zabrinula; čovjek ne treba da brine kad ima takve susjede; oni će ga već vratiti. Htjela bih im nekako iskazati svoju zahvalnost. Rado bih im poslala nekoliko zvijezda, jer ih mi imamo više nego nam treba. Hoću da kažem ja, a ne mi, jer sam opazila da onaj gmaz ne mari nimalo za njih.

Ima prostački ukus i nije prijazno. Kad sam jučer u sumrak otišla onamo, bilo je sišlo s đrveta i lovilo pjegaste ribice što se igraju u ribnjaku, pa sam ga morala busenjem opet natjerati da se popne na drvo i ostavi ribe na miru. Htjela bih znati je li za to stvoreno? Zar nema srca? Zar nema samilosti prema onim stvorencima? Je li moguće da je namijenjeno i sazdano za tako prost posao? Tako se po svemu čini. Jedna ga je gruda pogodila iza uha pa se poslužilo jezikom. Sva sam ustreptala jer sam tada prvi puta čula govor, osim kad sam sama sa sobom govorila. Nisam razumjela njegove riječi, ali su mi se učinile izražajne.

When I found it could talk I felt a new interest in it, for I love to talk; I talk, all day, and in my sleep, too, and I am very interesting, but if I had another to talk to I could be twice as interesting, and would never stop, if desired.

Kad sam otkrila da zna govoriti, stalo me još više zanimati jer ja volim govoriti; govorim povazdan, čak i u snu, i veoma zanimljivo, ali kad bih imala kome govorili, govorila bih još dvaput zanimljivije i, ako bi trebalo, nikad ne bih prestala.



If this reptile is a man, it isn't an IT, is it? That wouldn't be grammatical, would it? I think it would be HE. I think so. In that case one would parse it thus: nominative, HE; dative, HIM; possessive, HIS'N. Well, I will consider it a man and call it he until it turns out to be something else. This will be handier than having so many uncertainties.

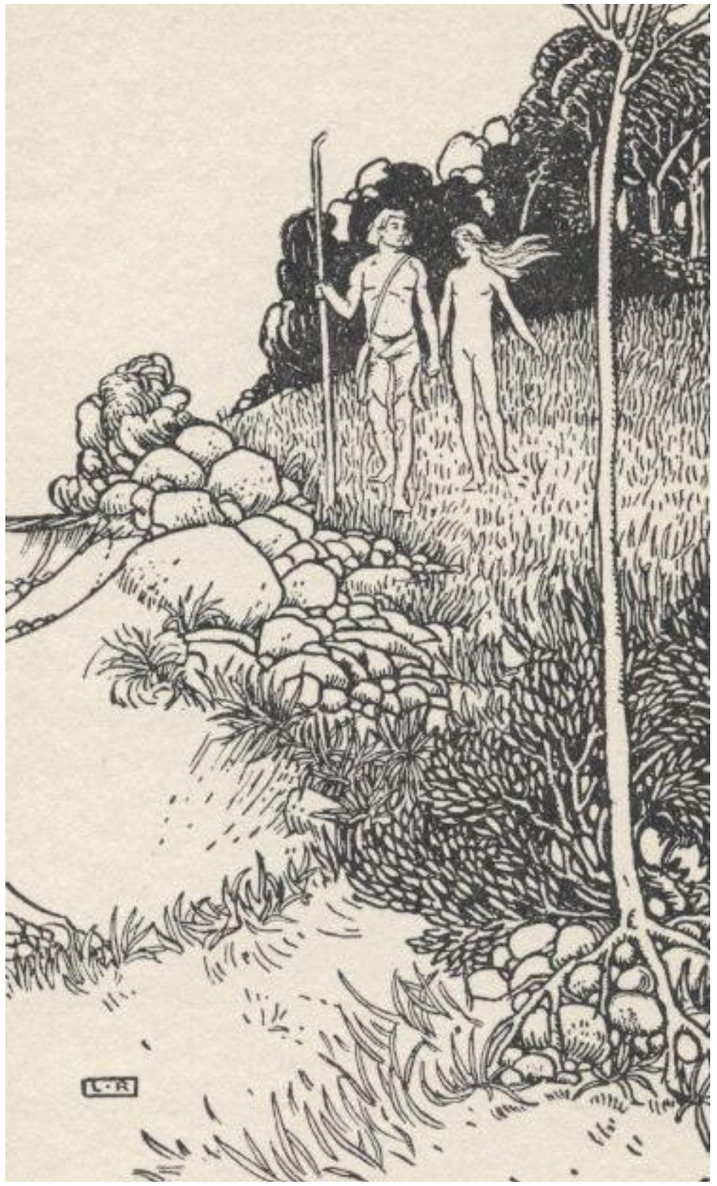
Ako je ovaj gmaz čovjek, onda nije ono, je li tako? To ne bi bilo gramatički ispravno, je li? Mislim da bi trebalo da bude ON. Tako bar mislim. U tom bi se slučaju ovako sklanjalo: nominativ — ON; dativ — NJEMU; genitiv — NJEGOV. Dobro, smatrat ću da je čovjek i nazivati ga on dok se ne pokaže da nije šta drugo. Tako će biti zgodnije nego da budem neprestano u neizvjesnosti.

NEXT WEEK SUNDAY. — All the week I tagged around after him and tried to get acquainted. I had to do the talking, because he was shy, but I didn't mind it. He seemed pleased to have me around, and I used the sociable "we" a good deal, because it seemed to flatter him to be included.

IDUĆA NEDJELJA. — Cijele sam sedmice trčala za njim i pokušavala da se upoznam s njim. Morala sam sve sama govoriti, jer je on stidljiv, ali me to nije smetalo. Rekla bih da mu je bilo drago što sam uz njega, pa sam mu vrlo često prijateljski govorila „mi", jer se činilo da je polaskan što i njega tu ubrajam.

WEDNESDAY. — We are getting along very well indeed, now, and getting better and better acquainted. He does not try to avoid me any more, which is a good sign, and shows that he likes to have me with him. That pleases me, and I study to be useful to him in every way I can, so as to increase his regard.

SRIJEDA. — Sad se doista vrlo lijepo slažemo i sve se bolje upoznajemo. Više me ne izbjegava, što je dobar znak, i pokazuje da se raduje kad sam pokraj njega. To mi godi pa se dovijam da mu u svemu budem pri ruci kako bih stekla još više njegova poštovanja.



During the last day or two I have taken all the work of naming things off his hands, and this has been a great relief to him, for he has no gift in that line, and is evidently very grateful. He can't think of a rational name to save him, but I do not let him see that I am aware of his defect. Whenever a new creature comes along I name it before he has time to expose himself by an awkward silence. In this way I have saved him many embarrassments. I have no defect like this. The minute I set eyes on an animal I know what it is. I don't have to reflect a moment; the right name comes out instantly, just as if it were an inspiration, as no doubt it is, for I am sure it wasn't in me half a minute before. I seem to know just by the shape of the creature and the way it acts what animal it is.

U posljednja dva-tri dana preuzela sam od njega sav posao oko nadijevan ja imena stvarima, čime sam mu pribavila veliko olakšanje, jer on nema dara za to, te mi je očito vrlo zahvalan. Ni za živu glavu ne može smisliti kakvo pametno ime, ali ja ne pokazujem pred njim da znam za njegovu manu. Kad god naiđe kakvo novo stvorenje, ja mu nadjenem ime prije nego što bi se on mogao obrukati mučnom šutnjom. Tako sam mu uštedjela mnoge neugodnosti. Ja nemam takve mane. čim ugledam neku životinju, znam šta je. Ne moram ni časka razmišljati; začas se javi pravo ime, baš kao da je posrijedi nadahnuće, a zacijelo i jest, jer sam sigurna da časak prije toga nisam imala ni pojma o njemu. Čini se da ja po samu obličju stvorenja i njegovu držanju znam koja je to životinja.

When the dodo came along he thought it was a wildcat — I saw it in his eye. But I saved him. And I was careful not to do it in a way that could hurt his pride. I just spoke up in a quite natural way of pleasing surprise, and not as if I was dreaming of conveying information, and said, “Well, I do declare, if there isn’t the dodo!” I explained — without seeming to be explaining — how I know it for a dodo, and although I thought maybe he was a little piqued that I knew the creature when he didn’t, it was quite evident that he admired me. That was very agreeable, and I thought of it more than once with gratification before I slept. How little a thing can make us happy when we feel that we have earned it!

Kad se dodovka pojavila, on je mislio da je divlja mačka — pročitala sam mu to u očima. Ali sam ga ja spasila. I pazila sam da to učinim tako da mu ne povrijedim ponos. Naprosto sam uskliknula slobodno i posve prirodno, kao da sam se ugodno iznenadila i kao da nisam ni u snu pomislila da ga poučim: — Ama gledaj, molim te, pa to je dodovka! — Protumačila sam mu — ali tako da se nije činilo da mu tumačim — otkud znam da je dodovka, i premda sam pomislila da mu je možda malo krivo što poznajem stvorenje koje on ne poznaje, bilo je posve jasno da mi se on divi. To mi je veoma godilo pa sam se više puta sa zadovoljstvom sjetila toga prije spavanja. Kako nas i sitnica može usrećiti kad osjećamo da smo je zaslužili!

THURSDAY. — my first sorrow. Yesterday he avoided me and seemed to wish I would not talk to him. I could not believe it, and thought there was some mistake, for I loved to be with him, and loved to hear him talk, and so how could it be that he could feel unkind toward me when I had not done anything? But at last it seemed true, so I went away and sat lonely in the place where I first saw him the morning that we were made and I did not know what he was and was indifferent about him; but now it was a mournful place, and every little thing spoke of him, and my heart was very sore. I did not know why very clearly, for it was a new feeling; I had not experienced it before, and it was all a mystery, and I could not make it out.

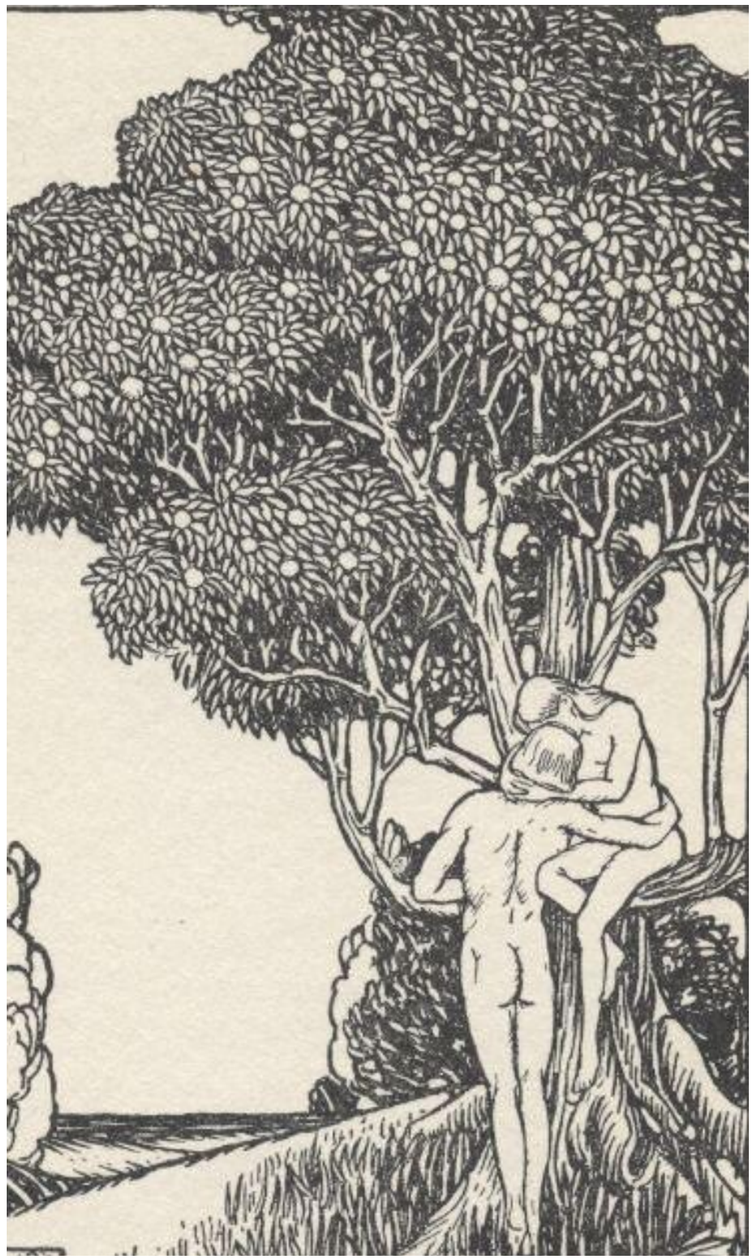
ČETVRTAK. — Prvi put me snašao jad. Jučer me izbjegavao i kao da nije želio da mu pričam. Nisam mogla povjerovati i mislila sam da je posrijedi nekakav nesporazumak, jer sam ja rado bila s njim i rado sam ga slušala, pa kako je onda on mogao biti neprijazan prema meni kad mu nisam ništa učinila? Ali se napokon činilo da je tako, pa sam otišla od njega i sjela usamljena na ono mjesto gdje sam ga prvi puta ugledala ono jutro kad smo bili stvoreni, i kad nisam znala šta je on, i kad sam bila ravnodušna prema njemu; ali je sad to mjesto bilo turobno, i svaka me sitnica podsjećala na njega, te me je srce boljelo. Nisam pravo znala zašto, jer me obuzimao nepoznat osjećaj; nikad me prije nije bio obuzeo, i sve je bilo nekako tajanstveno i nisam mogla ništa shvatiti.

But when night came I could not bear the lonesomeness, and went to the new shelter which he has built, to ask him what I had done that was wrong and how I could mend it and get back his kindness again; but he put me out in the rain, and it was my first sorrow.

Ali kad je pala noć, nisam više mogla podnositi samoću te sam pošla do novoga skloništa, koje je on sagradio, da ga pitam šta sam skrivila, i kako da to popravim i ponovo zadobijem njegovu naklonost; ali me on istjerao napolje na kišu, i tako me prvi put snašao jad.

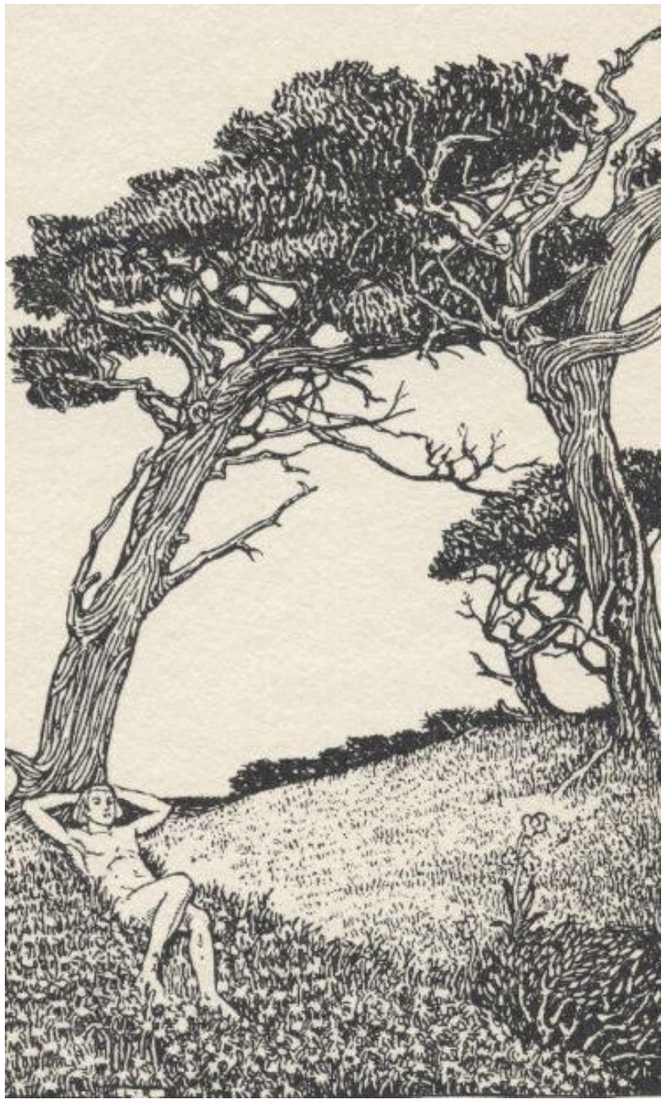
SUNDAY. — It is pleasant again, now, and I am happy; but those were heavy days; I do not think of them when I can help it.

NEDJELJA. — Sad je opet sve lijepo, i ja sam sretna; ali su ovo -bili teški dani; nerado ih se sjećam.



I tried to get him some of those apples, but I cannot learn to throw straight. I failed, but I think the good intention pleased him. They are forbidden, and he says I shall come to harm; but so I come to harm through pleasing him, why shall I care for that harm?

Htjela sam mu nabaviti onih jabuka, ali nikako da naučim gađati. Nisam uspjela, ali mislim da mu se svidjela moja dobra nakana. One su zabranjene, i on mi kaže da ću zlo proći; ali, prođem li zlo da bih njemu ugodila, šta me briga za zlo?



MONDAY. — This morning I told him my name, hoping it would interest him. But he did not care for it. It is strange. If he should tell me his name, I would care. I think it would be pleasanter in my ears than any other sound.

He talks very little. Perhaps it is because he is not bright, and is sensitive about it and wishes to conceal it. It is such a pity that he should feel so, for brightness is nothing; it is in the heart that the values lie. I wish I could make him understand that a loving good heart is riches, and riches enough, and that without it intellect is poverty.

Although he talks so little, he has quite a considerable vocabulary. This morning he used a surprisingly good word. He evidently recognized, himself, that it was a good one, for he worked it in twice afterward, casually. It was good casual art, still it showed that he possesses a certain quality of perception. Without a doubt that seed can be made to grow, if cultivated.

PONEDJELJAK. — Jutros sam mu rekla kako se zovem, nadajući se da će ga to zanimati. Ali njega nije to zanimalo. Čudno. Meni bi bilo drago kad bi mi kazao kako se zove. Mislim da bi njegovo ime godilo mom uhu više nego bilo koji drugi zvuk.

On veoma malo govori. Možda zato što nije pametan, a osjetljiv je zbog toga i htio bi da to sakrije. Kakva šteta što tako misli, jer pamet nije ništa; sva vrijednost leži u srcu. Kad bih mu bar mogla razjasniti da je dobro srce puno ljubavi pravo blago, jedino blago, a da je razum bez njega bijeda.

Iako on govori tako malo, rječnik mu je prilično bogat. Jutros se poslužio neobično dobrom riječju. Očito je i sam shvatio da je to dobra riječ, jer ju je poslije još dvaput ubacio, tobože slučajno. To nije baš najbolje izveo, ali je pokazao da posjeduje stanovitu moć zapažanja. To bi sjeme zacijelo moglo donijeti ploda kad bi se njegovalo.

Where did he get that word? I do not think I have ever used it.

No, he took no interest in my name. I tried to hide my disappointment, but I suppose I did not succeed. I went away and sat on the moss-bank with my feet in the water. It is where I go when I hunger for companionship, some one to look at, some one to talk to. It is not enough — that lovely white body painted there in the pool — but it is something, and something is better than utter loneliness. It talks when I talk; it is sad when I am sad; it comforts me with its sympathy; it says, “Do not be downhearted, you poor friendless girl; I will be your friend.” It IS a good friend to me, and my only one; it is my sister.

Otkud mu ta riječ? Mislim da je ja nisam nikad izgovorila.

Ne, moje ga ime ni najmanje ne zanima. Pokušala sam prikriti svoje razočaranje, ali mi se čini da nisam uspjela. Otišla sam od njega i sjela na mahovinom obraslu obalu i spustila noge u vodu. Tamo uvijek idem kad sam željna društva, da nekoga gledam, da s nekim razgovaram. Ono krasno bijelo tijelo odraženo u vodi nije dovoljno, ali je nešto, a nešto je ipak bolje od potpune samoće. Ono govori, kad ja govorim; tužno je, kad sam ja tužna; tješi me svojom samilošću; kaže: „Ne budi malodušna, sirota usamljena djevojko; ja ću ti biti prijateljica." Ono i jest moja dobra prijateljica, jedina moja prijateljica; ono je moja sestra.

That first time that she forsook me! ah, I shall never forget that — never, never. My heart was lead in my body! I said, “She was all I had, and now she is gone!” In my despair I said, “Break, my heart; I cannot bear my life any more!” and hid my face in my hands, and there was no solace for me. And when I took them away, after a little, there she was again, white and shining and beautiful, and I sprang into her arms!

A kad me je prvi puta napustila! Ah, to neću nikad zaboraviti ... nikad, nikad. Srce mi se skamenilo u grudima! Rekla sam: „Ona mi je bila sve, a sad je više nema!” Rekla sam, sva zdvojna: „Pukni, srce moje; ne mogu više podnositi ovaj život!” i zarila lice u dlanove i nisam se mogla utješiti. A kad sam malo poslije odmaknula dlanove, ona je opet bila tu, bijela, blistava i lijepa, pa sam joj pala u naručaj!

That was perfect happiness; I had known happiness before, but it was not like this, which was ecstasy. I never doubted her afterward. Sometimes she stayed away — maybe an hour, maybe almost the whole day, but I waited and did not doubt; I said, “She is busy, or she is gone on a journey, but she will come.” And it was so: she always did. At night she would not come if it was dark, for she was a timid little thing; but if there was a moon she would come. I am not afraid of the dark, but she is younger than I am; she was born after I was. Many and many are the visits I have paid her; she is my comfort and my refuge when my life is hard — and it is mainly that.

Bila sam potpuno sretna; i prije sam znala za sreću, ali ne za ovakvu, ovo je bio zanos. Nikad više nisam posumnjala u nju. Kadikad bi izbivala — možda po cio sat, možda i po cio dan, ali sam je čekala i nisam sumnjala; rekla bih: „Ima posla, ili je otišla na put, ali će se vratiti." I tako je bilo: uvijek se vraćala. Obnoć ne bi došla ako je bio mrak, jer je plašljivo stvorence; ali kad je bila mjesečina, došla bi. Ja se ne bojim tame, ali je ona mlađa od mene; rodila se poslije mene. Mnogo, mnogo puta sam je pohodila; ona mi je utjeha i utočište kad mi je život težak — a obično mi je težak.

TUESDAY. — All the morning I was at work improving the estate; and I purposely kept away from him in the hope that he would get lonely and come. But he did not.

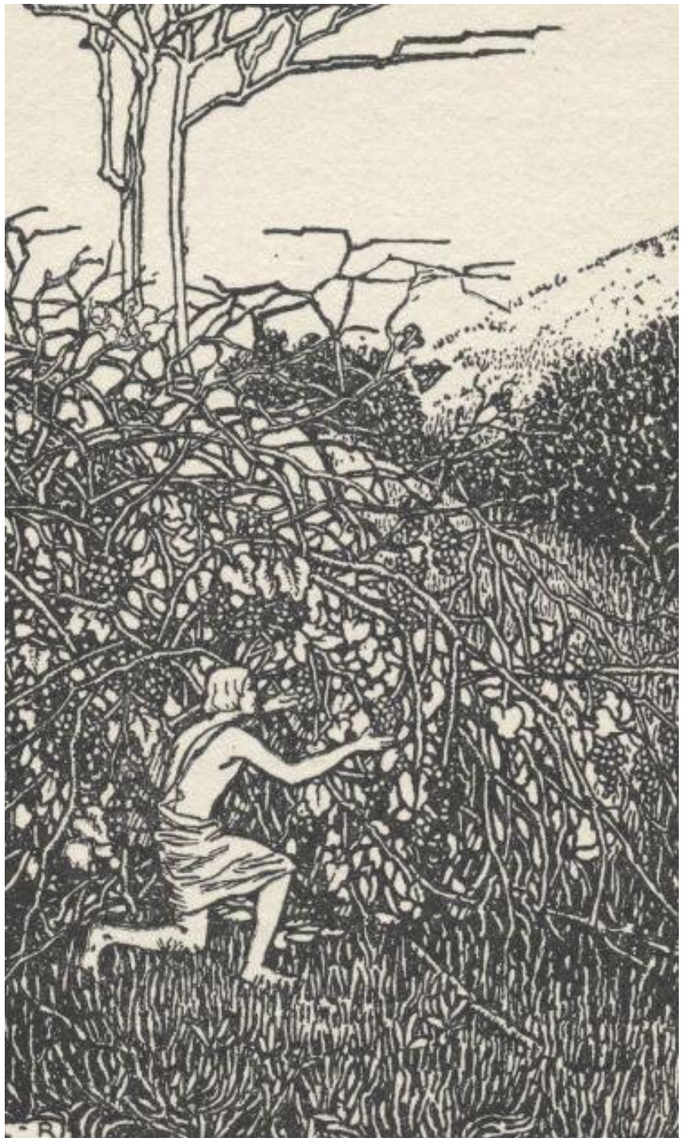
At noon I stopped for the day and took my recreation by flitting all about with the bees and the butterflies and reveling in the flowers, those beautiful creatures that catch the smile of God out of the sky and preserve it! I gathered them, and made them into wreaths and garlands and clothed myself in them while I ate my luncheon — apples, of course; then I sat in the shade and wished and waited. But he did not come.

UTORAK. — Cijelo sam prijepodne radila oko uređivanja imanja; i namjerno sam mu se uklanjala nadajući se da će se osjetiti usamljen pa da će doći. Ali nije došao.

O podne sam se okanila posla i stala se zabavljati trčkarajući tamo-amo za pčelama i leptirima i uživajući u cvijeću, tim lijepim stvorovima što love s neba božji osmijeh i čuvaju ga! Brala sam ih, plela od njih vijence i lance, i okitila se njima dok sam ručala — jabuke, naravno; zatim sam sjedila u hladovini, čeznula i čekala. Ali on nije došao.

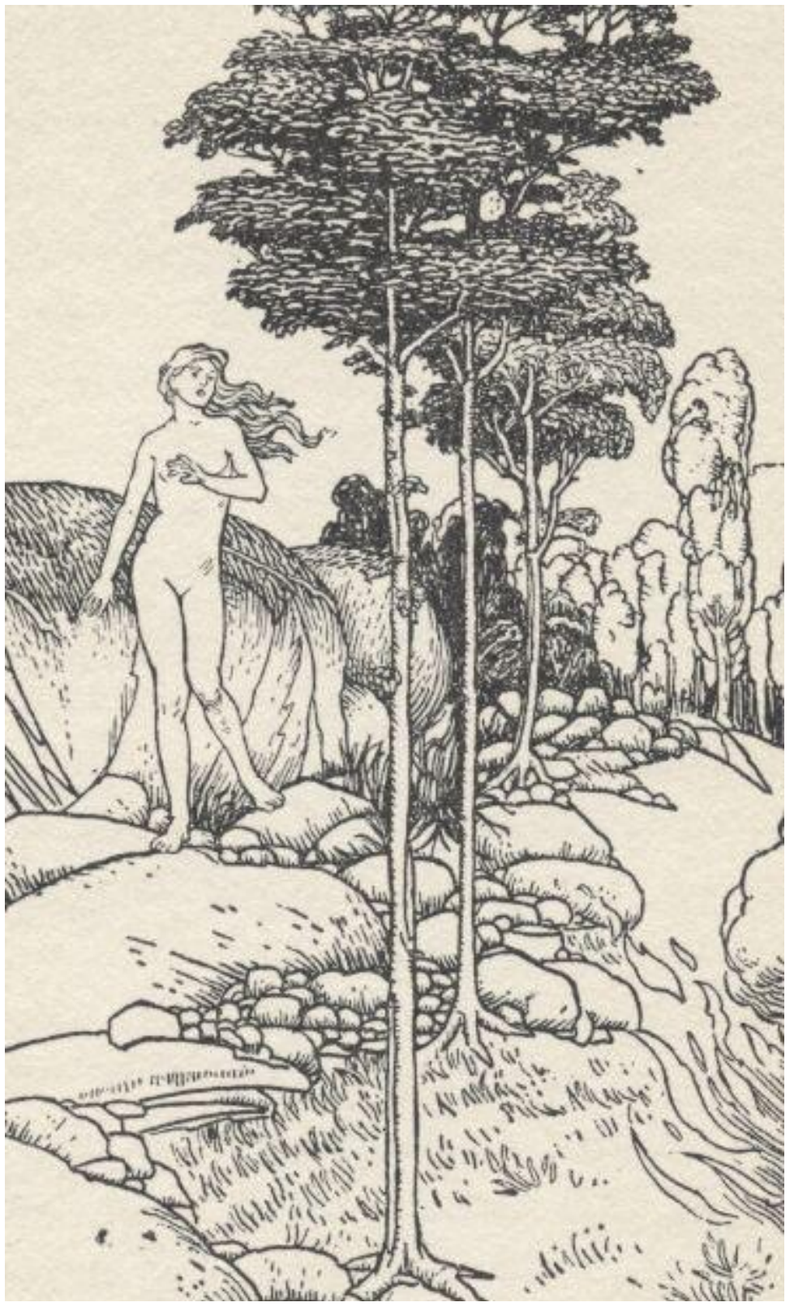
But no matter. Nothing would have come of it, for he does not care for flowers. He called them rubbish, and cannot tell one from another, and thinks it is superior to feel like that. He does not care for me, he does not care for flowers, he does not care for the painted sky at eventide — is there anything he does care for, except building shacks to coop himself up in from the good clean rain, and thumping the melons, and sampling the grapes, and fingering the fruit on the trees, to see how those properties are coming along?

Nije ni važno. Ništa ne bi ni vrijedilo, jer on ne haje za cvijeće. Naziva ga smećem i ne zna ga razlikovati i misli da je on nešto više zbog toga. On ne haje za mene, ne haje za cvijeće, ne haje za šareno nebo u predvečerje — ima li uopće šta do čega mu je stalo, osim da gradi kolibe u koje se zavlači pred dobrom čistom kišom, i da kucka po dinjama, i kuša grožđe, i pipa voće na granama, da vidi kako mu napreduju.



I laid a dry stick on the ground and tried to bore a hole in it with another one, in order to carry out a scheme that I had, and soon I got an awful fright. A thin, transparent bluish film rose out of the hole, and I dropped everything and ran! I thought it was a spirit, and I WAS so frightened! But I looked back, and it was not coming; so I leaned against a rock and rested and panted, and let my limbs go on trembling until they got steady again; then I crept warily back, alert, watching, and ready to fly if there was occasion; and when I was come near, I parted the branches of a rose-bush and peeped through — wishing the man was about, I was looking so cunning and pretty — but the sprite was gone. I went there, and there was a pinch of delicate pink dust in the hole. I put my finger in, to feel it, and said OUCH! and took it out again. It was a cruel pain. I put my finger in my mouth; and by standing first on one foot and then the other, and grunting, I presently eased my misery; then I was full of interest, and began to examine.

Metnula sam suh prut na zemlju i pokušala drugim prutom izbušiti u njemu rupu kako bih izvela što sam naumila, ali sam se uskoro strašno prepala. Iz rupe se podigla tanka prozirna plavičasta koprena, pa sam sve pustila i pobjegla! Mislila sam da je duh, i zbilja sam se preplašila! Ali sam se osvrnula, a ono nije išlo za mnom; stoga sam se naslonila na hrid, odmarala se i predisala i pustila da mi se udovi tresu dok se opet ne umire; zatim sam se oprezno odšuljala natrag, motreći budno oko sebe, spremna da opet pobjegnem na najmanji znak opasnosti; a kad sam se primakla, razmaknula sam granje ružina bokora i provirila — poželjela sam da je on u blizini, bila sam tako vješta i ljupka — ali je vilenjak iščeznuo. Prišla sam i ugledala u rupi prstovet sitna ružičasta praha. Turila sam prst u rupu da ga opipam, ali sam jauknula i izvukla prst. Osjetila sam jak bol. Turila sam prst u usta; i stojeći najprije na jednoj nozi, pa onda na drugoj, i stenjući, ubrzo sam ublažila svoje muke; zatim se u meni probudila radoznalost pa sam uzela ispitivati tu pojavu.

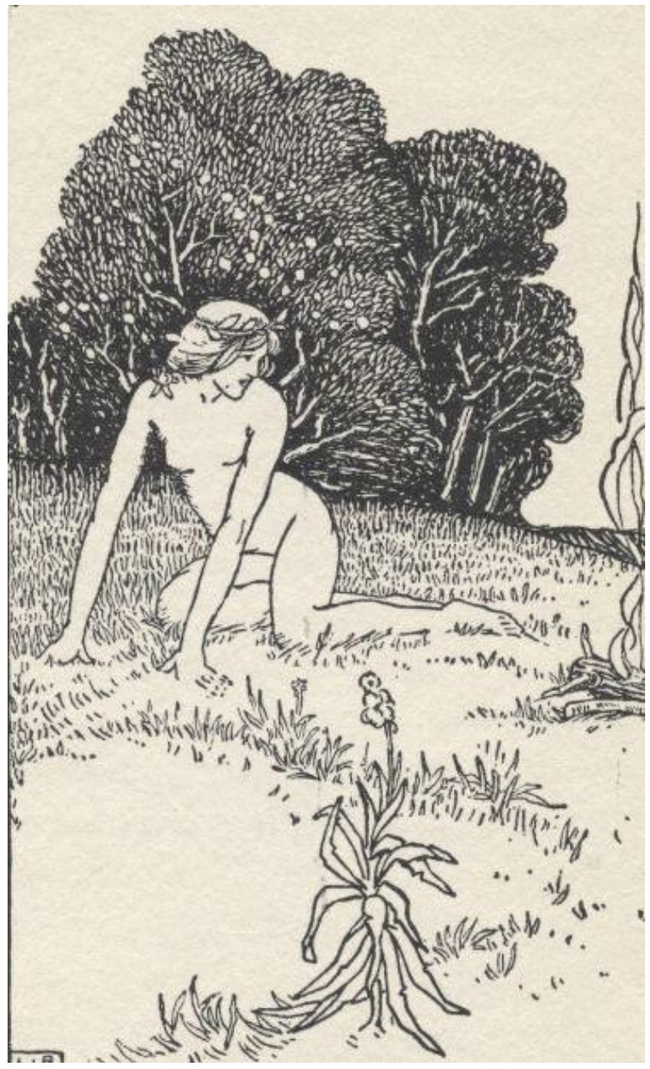


I was curious to know what the pink dust was. Suddenly the name of it occurred to me, though I had never heard of it before. It was FIRE! I was as certain of it as a person could be of anything in the world. So without hesitation I named it that — fire.

Zanimalo me kakav je ono ružičasti prah. Iznenada mi sinu kako se zove, iako nisam nikad prije čula za nj. To je bila VATRA! Bila sam toliko sigurna u to, koliko čovjek uopće može biti siguran u nešto na svijetu. I zato sam to bez dvoumljenja tako i prozvala — vatra.

I had created something that didn't exist before; I had added a new thing to the world's uncountable properties; I realized this, and was proud of my achievement, and was going to run and find him and tell him about it, thinking to raise myself in his esteem — but I reflected, and did not do it. No — he would not care for it. He would ask what it was good for, and what could I answer? for if it was not GOOD for something, but only beautiful, merely beautiful —

Stvorila sam nešto što prije nije postojalo; dodala sam nešto novo nebrojenim svjetskim blagima; shvatila sam to i bila ponosna na svoje djelo, i htjela otrčati k njemu da mu sve ispripovjedim, misleći kako ću porasti u njegovim očima — ali sam porazmislila i predomislila se. Ne — on ne bi za to mario. Pitao bi me kakva je korist od toga, a šta bih mu mogla odgovoriti? Jer od toga nema nikakve koristi, već je naprosto lijepo, samo lijepo ...



So I sighed, and did not go. For it wasn't good for anything; it could not build a shack, it could not improve melons, it could not hurry a fruit crop; it was useless, it was a foolishness and a vanity; he would despise it and say cutting words. But to me it was not despicable; I said, "Oh, you fire, I love you, you dainty pink creature, for you are BEAUTIFUL — and that is enough!" and was going to gather it to my breast. But refrained. Then I made another maxim out of my head, though it was so nearly like the first one that I was afraid it was only a plagiarism: "THE BURNT EXPERIMENT SHUNS THE FIRE."

I wrought again; and when I had made a good deal of fire-dust I emptied it into a handful of dry brown grass, intending to carry it home and keep it always and play with it; but the wind struck it and it sprayed up and spat out at me fiercely, and I dropped it and ran. When I looked back the blue spirit was towering up and stretching and rolling away like a cloud, and instantly I thought of the name of it — SMOKE! — though, upon my word, I had never heard of smoke before.

I tako sam uzdahnula i nisam pošla k njemu. Jer ona nije ni od kakve koristi; ne može sagraditi kolibu, ne može unaprijediti dinje, ne može ubrzati dozrijevanje voća; bezvrijedna je, besmislena i isprazna; on bi je prezreo i izrekao zajedljive riječi na njen račun. Ali je ja nipošto ne prezirem; rekla sam: ,,Oh, vatro, nježno ružičasto stvorenje, volim te jer si LIJEPA — a to je dovoljno!" i htjela sam je privinuti na grudi. Ali sam se suzdržala. Onda sam smislila još jednu izreku, sama iz svoje glave, ali je bila toliko nalik na prvu da sam se pobojala da nije tek plagijat: „OPEČENI POKUSNI KUNIĆ BJEŽI OD VATRE".

Opet sam prionula na posao; a kad sam napravila mnogo vatrenog praha, sasula sam ga u pregršt suhe mrke trave u namjeri da ga ponesem kući kako bih ga sačuvala i igrala se s njim; ali udari vjetar pa se on rasu i sunu žestoko na me, tako da je ostavih i pobjegoh. Kad sam se osvrnula, vidjela samo kako se modri duh diže, širi i valja kao oblak, i u hipu se dosjetih kako se zove — DIM! — iako, poštenja mi, nikad prije nisam čula za dim.

Soon brilliant yellow and red flares shot up through the smoke, and I named them in an instant — FLAMES — and I was right, too, though these were the very first flames that had ever been in the world. They climbed the trees, then flashed splendidly in and out of the vast and increasing volume of tumbling smoke, and I had to clap my hands and laugh and dance in my rapture, it was so new and strange and so wonderful and so beautiful!

Naskoro izbiše žuti i crveni proplamsaji iz dima, a ja ih odmah okrstih — PLAMENOVI — i tu sam imala pravo, iako su to bili prvi plamenovi koji su se ikad pojavili na svijetu. Penjali su se uz drveće, prosjajivali divno u golemu i sve većem stupu dima što se valjao, i oko njega, tako da sam zapljeskala rukama i zasmijala se i zaplesala od ushita, sve je to bilo tako novo i nepoznato, tako čudesno i tako lijepo!

He came running, and stopped and gazed, and said not a word for many minutes. Then he asked what it was. Ah, it was too bad that he should ask such a direct question. I had to answer it, of course, and I did. I said it was fire. If it annoyed him that I should know and he must ask; that was not my fault; I had no desire to annoy him. After a pause he asked:

"How did it come?"

Another direct question, and it also had to have a direct answer. "I made it."

The fire was traveling farther and farther off. He went to the edge of the burned place and stood looking down, and said:

"What are these?" "Fire-coals."

He picked up one to examine it, but changed his mind and put it down again. Then he went away. NOTHING interests him.

On je dotrčao i zagledao se, i dugo nije prozborio ni riječi. Tada me upita šta je to. Ah, nije valjalo što me je tako izravno upitao. Morala sam mu, naravno, odgovoriti, i odgovorila sam. Rekla sam da je to vatra. Nisam ja kriva što mu nije bilo pravo da ja znam, a on mora pitati; nisam ga htjela ozlovoljiti. Malo poslije zapita:

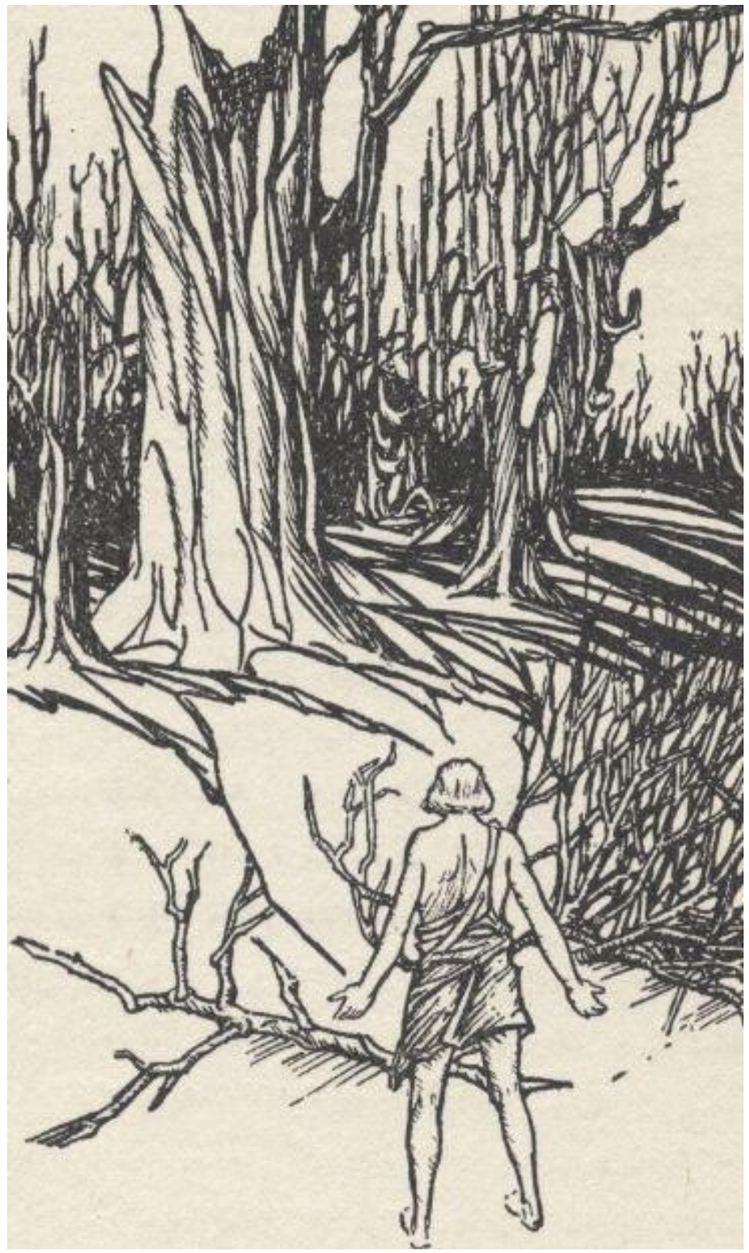
„Otkud je došla?"

Još jedno izravno pitanje na koje je valjalo isto take izravno odgovoriti. „Ja sam je stvorila."

Vatra se širila sve dalje i dalje. On priđe rubu zgarišta, zastade gledajući u zemlju i priupita:

„A šta je ovo?" „Ugarci."

On uze jedan ugaralc da ga pogleda, ali se predomisli i baci ga. Tada ode. NIŠTA njega ne zanima.



But I was interested. There were ashes, gray and soft and delicate and pretty — I knew what they were at once. And the embers; I knew the embers, too. I found my apples, and raked them out, and was glad; for I am very young and my appetite is active. But I was disappointed; they were all burst open and spoiled. Spoiled apparently; but it was not so; they were better than raw ones. Fire is beautiful; some day it will be useful, I think.

Ali mene zanima. Bilo je tu pepela, siva, meka, nježna i zgodna — odmah sam znala šta je. Pa žar; i žar sam poznala. Našla sam svoje jabuke, iščeprkala ih i obradovala se; jer ja sam mlada i imam izvrstan tek. Ali sam se razočarala; sve su bile ispucale i pokvarene. Naoko pokvarene; ali nije bilo tako; bile su bolje od sirovih. Vatra je lijepa; jednom će, mislim, biti i korisna.

FRIDAY. — I saw him again, for a moment, last Monday at nightfall, but only for a moment. I was hoping he would praise me for trying to improve the estate, for I had meant well and had worked hard. But he was not pleased, and turned away and left me. He was also displeased on another account: I tried once more to persuade him to stop going over the Falls. That was because the fire had revealed to me a new passion — quite new, and distinctly different from love, grief, and those others which I had already discovered — FEAR. And it is horrible! — I wish I had never discovered it; it gives me dark moments, it spoils my happiness, it makes me shiver and tremble and shudder. But I could not persuade him, for he has not discovered fear yet, and so he could not understand me.

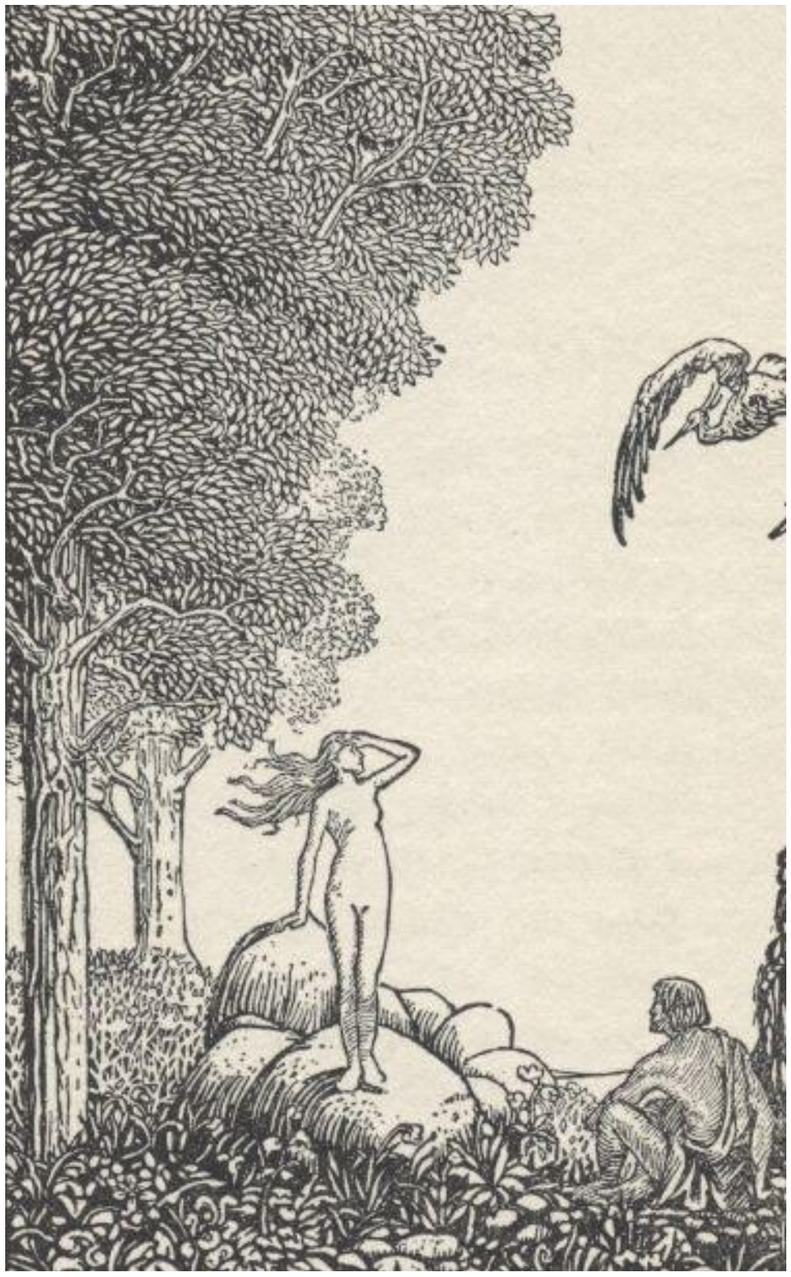
PETAK. — Vidjela sam ga opet, na trenutak, u ponedjeljak pred večer, ali samo na trenutak. Nadala sam se da će me pohvaliti što se trudim da uredim imanje, jer sam htjela samo dobro i radila sam bez predaha. Ali on nije bio zadovoljan, okrenuo se i ostavio me. Bio je nezadovoljan zbog još nečega: ponovo sam ga pokušala odvratiti da prelazi preko slapova. — To sam učinila zato što mi je vatra otkrila novo čuvstvo — posve novo i sasvim različito od ljubavi, tuge i drugih koje sam već upoznala — STRAH. A užasan je! — Kamo sreće da ga nisam ni upoznala; sneveseljuje me, kvari mi sreću, od njega se tresem, drhtim i trnem. Ali ga nisam mogla odvratiti, jer on još nije upoznao strah, pa me nije mogao razumjeti.

Extract from Adam's Diary

ULOMAK IZ ADAMOVA DNEVNIKA

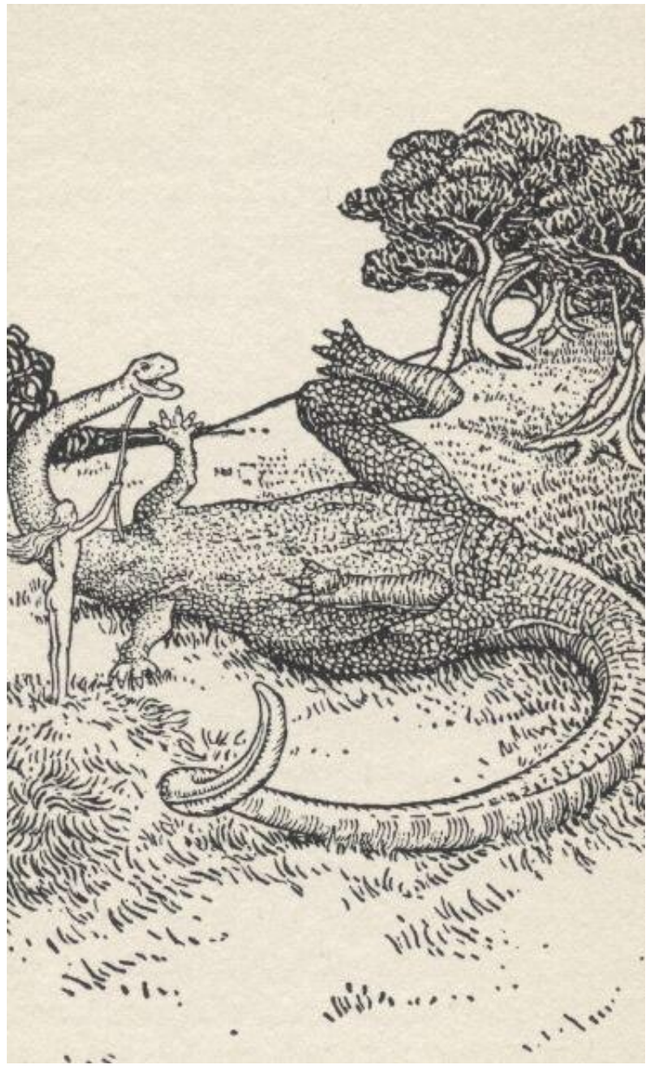
Perhaps I ought to remember that she is very young, a mere girl and make allowances. She is all interest, eagerness, vivacity, the world is to her a charm, a wonder, a mystery, a joy; she can't speak for delight when she finds a new flower, she must pet it and caress it and smell it and talk to it, and pour out endearing names upon it. And she is color-mad: brown rocks, yellow sand, gray moss, green foliage, blue sky; the pearl of the dawn, the purple shadows on the mountains, the golden islands floating in crimson seas at sunset, the pallid moon sailing through the shredded cloud-rack, the star-jewels glittering in the wastes of space — none of them is of any practical value, so far as I can see, but because they have color and majesty, that is enough for her, and she loses her mind over them. If she could quiet down and keep still a couple minutes at a time, it would be a reposeful spectacle. In that case I think I could enjoy looking at her; indeed I am sure I could, for I am coming to realize that she is a quite remarkably comely creature — lithe, slender, trim, rounded, shapely, nimble, graceful; and once when she was standing marble-white and sun-drenched on a boulder, with her young head tilted back and her hand shading her eyes, watching the flight of a bird in the sky, I recognized that she was beautiful.

Možda bih morao neprestano imati na umu da je ona veoma mlada, prava djevojčica, te biti uviđavniji. Sve je zanima, plahovita je, živahna, njoj je svijet čarolija, čudo, tajna, radost; kad nađe kakav nepoznat cvijet, zanijemi od ushićenja pa ga mazi, i miluje, i miriše, i govori s njim, i obasipa ga imenima od milja. A za bojama luduje: mrko stijenje, žuti pijesak, siva mahovina; zeleno lišće, modro nebo; biserno praskozorje, purpurne sjene bregova, zlatno otočje što plovi grimiznim morima u smiraj sunca, blijedi mjesec što jedri kroz iskidane oblake gonjene vjetrovima, zvjezdani dragulji što blistaju u svemirskim prostranstvima — ništa od svega toga nema nikakve praktične vrijednosti, koliko ja mogu prosuditi, ali je njoj dovoljno da je nešto šareno i velebno, pa da poludi za tim. Kakav bi bio blaženi mir kad bi pokoji put mogla umuknuti i umiriti se na nekoliko trenutaka! Tada bih, čini mi se, mogao uživati da je gledam; zapravo sam siguran da bih mogao, jer pomalo uviđam da je ona neobično naočito stvorenje — gipka, vitka, uredna, obla, skladna, okretna, ljupka; a kad je jednom stajala na kamenu, bijela poput mramora i okupana suncem, zabacivši svoju mladu glavu i zaslonivši rukom oči, i promatrala pticu kako leti na nebu, shvatio sam da je lijepa.



MONDAY NOON. — If there is anything on the planet that she is not interested in it is not in my list. There are animals that I am indifferent to, but it is not so with her. She has no discrimination, she takes to all of them, she thinks they are all treasures, every new one is welcome.

PONEDJELJAK O PODNE. — Ako ima išta na ovom planetu što nju ne zanima, ja ne znam za to. Ima životinja prema kojima sam ja ravnodušan, ali ona nije ravnodušna ni prema kojoj. Ne pravi razlike, voli ih sve odreda, misli da su sve dragocjene, raduje se svakoj novoj životinji.

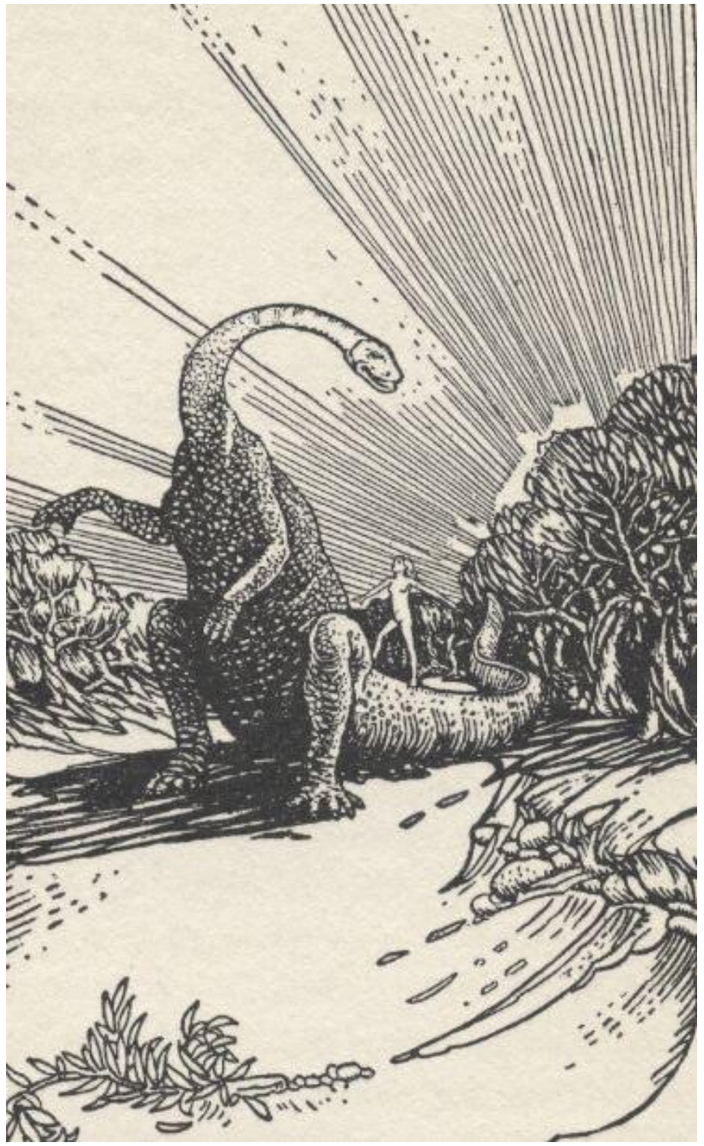


When the mighty brontosaurus came striding into camp, she regarded it as an acquisition, I considered it a calamity; that is a good sample of the lack of harmony that prevails in our views of things. She wanted to domesticate it, I wanted to make it a present of the homestead and move out. She believed it could be tamed by kind treatment and would be a good pet; I said a pet twenty-one feet high and eighty-four feet long would be no proper thing to have about the place, because, even with the best intentions and without meaning any harm, it could sit down on the house and mash it, for any one could see by the look of its eye that it was absent-minded.

Still, her heart was set upon having that monster, and she couldn't give it up. She thought we could start a dairy with it, and wanted me to help milk it; but I wouldn't; it was too risky. The sex wasn't right, and we hadn't any ladder anyway. Then she wanted to ride it, and look at the scenery. Thirty or forty feet of its tail was lying on the ground, like a fallen tree, and she thought she could climb it, but she was mistaken; when she got to the steep place it was too slick and down she came, and would have hurt herself but for me.

Kad je silni brontosaurus došao krupnim koracima u naše prebivalište, ona ga je smatrala za sreću, a ja za nesreću; to je dobar primjer nesklada koji prevladava u našim mišljenjima. Ona ga je htjela pripitomiti, a ja sam mu htio pokloniti posjed i odseliti se. Ona je vjerovala da bi se lijepim postupkom mogao pripitomiti i da bi bio zgodna maza; ja sam rekao da ne bi bilo uputno imati kod kuće mazu visoku dvadeset i jednu stopu, a dugačku osamdeset i četiri, jer mu je pogled jasno odavao da je rastresen pa bi mogao, čak i u najboljoj namjeri i ne misleći ništa zlo, sjesti na kuću i zdrobiti je.

Ipak, ona je sebi uvrtjela u glavu da mora imati tu grdosiju i nije htjela to sebi izbiti iz glave. Mislila je da bismo mogli osnovati s njim mljekarstvo, i htjela da joj ga pomognem pomusti; ali ja nisam htio; bilo je odveć opasno. Spol nije bio pravi, a nismo imali ni ljestve. Onda ga je htjela uzjahati da promatra okolicu. Trideset-četrdeset stopa dugi rep ležao je, kao oboreno stablo, na zemlji, i ona je pomislila da bi se mogla uzverati uza nj, ali se prevarila; kad je stigla do strmog dijela, koji je bio odviše sklizak, pala je i bila bi se povrijedila da nije bilo mene.

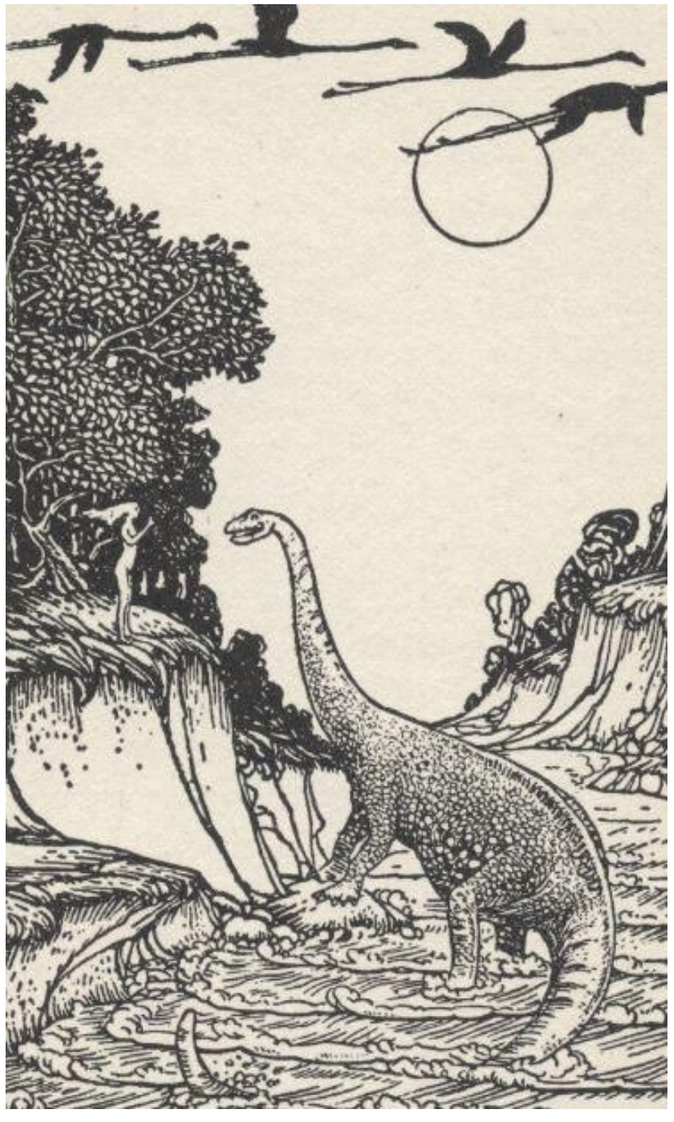


Was she satisfied now? No. Nothing ever satisfies her but demonstration; untested theories are not in her line, and she won't have them. It is the right spirit, I concede it; it attracts me; I feel the influence of it; if I were with her more I think I should take it up myself. Well, she had one theory remaining about this colossus: she thought that if we could tame it and make him friendly we could stand in the river and use him for a bridge. It turned out that he was already plenty tame enough — at least as far as she was concerned — so she tried her theory, but it failed: every time she got him properly placed in the river and went ashore to cross over him, he came out and followed her around like a pet mountain. Like the other animals. They all do that.

Mislite li da je tada bila zadovoljna? Ni govora! Nju ne može zadovoljiti nikad ništa osim bjelodana dokaza; na neprovjerene teorije se ne obazire i ne prihvaća ih. Priznajem da je to ispravno shvaćanje; privlači me; osjećam njegov utjecaj; da sam više s njom, mislim da bih ga i sam prihvatio. Dakle, imala je još jednu teoriju o tom orijašu: držala je da bismo ga, kad bismo ga pripitomili i sprijateljili se s njim, mogli postaviti u rijeku i služiti se njime kao mostom. Pokazalo se da je on — bar što se nje tiče — već dovoljno pripitomljen pa je iskušala svoju teoriju, ali bez uspjeha: kad god bi joj pošlo za rukom da ga namjesti u rijeci kako treba, i pošla na obalu da prijeđe preko njega, on bi izišao i išao posvuda za njom kao kakvo pripitomljeno brdo. Baš kao i ostale životinje. Sve su takve.

Tuesday — Wednesday — Thursday — and today: all without seeing him. It is a long time to be alone; still, it is better to be alone than unwelcome.

Utorak — Srijeda — Četvrtak — i danas: sve ove dane nisam ga vidjela. Teško je biti toliko sam; ipak je bolje biti sam, negoli s nekim kome si nemio.

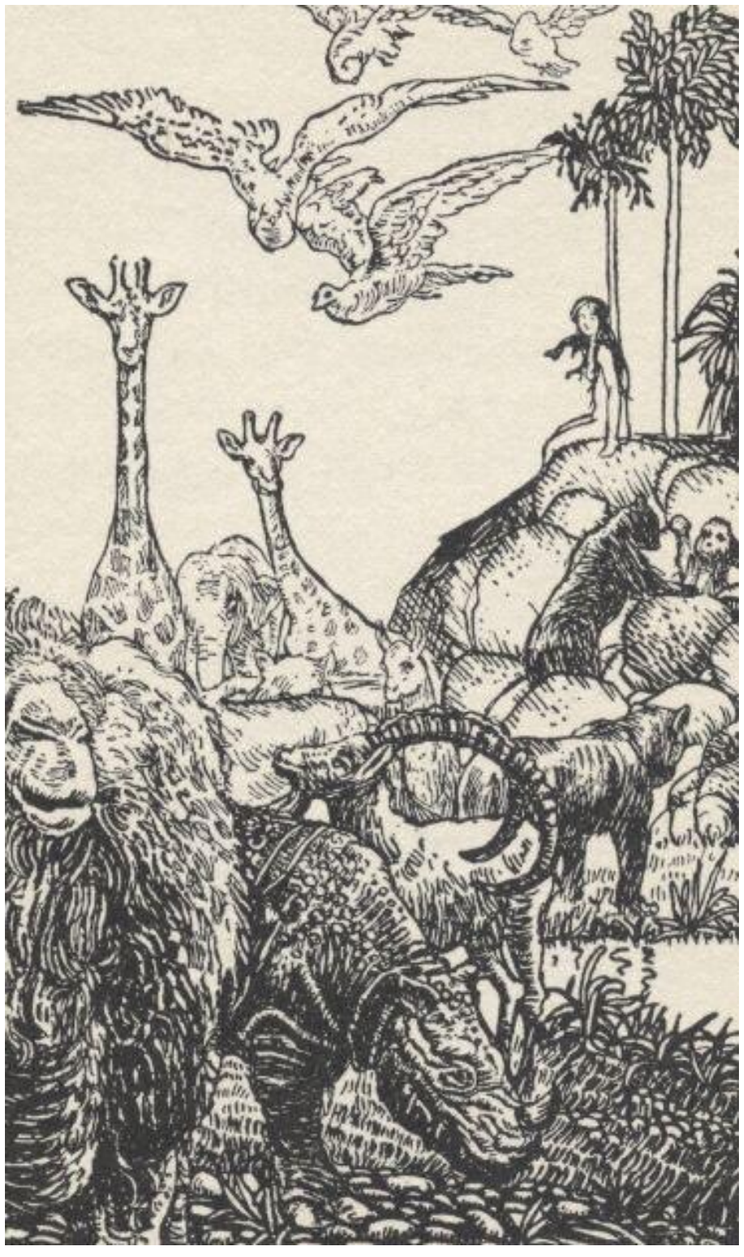


FRIDAY — I HAD to have company — I was made for it, I think — so I made friends with the animals. They are just charming, and they have the kindest disposition and the politest ways; they never look sour, they never let you feel that you are intruding, they smile at you and wag their tail, if they've got one, and they are always ready for a romp or an excursion or anything you want to propose. I think they are perfect gentlemen. All these days we have had such good times, and it hasn't been lonesome for me, ever.

PETAK — MORAM imati društvo — mislim da sam stvorena za društvo — i zato sam se sprijateljila sa životinjama. One su naprosto dražesne, veoma su blage naravi i veoma se lijepo vladaju; nikad se ne drže kiselo, nikad ti ne pokažu da im smetaš, osmjehuju ti se i mašu repom, ako ga imaju, i uvijek su spremne da se poigraju, ili da pođu u šetnju, ili da čine šta im god predložiš. Mislim da su pravi džentlmeni. Ovih smo se dana tako lijepo zabavljali i nikad nisam bila usamljena.

Lonesome! No, I should say not. Why, there's always a swarm of them around — sometimes as much as four or five acres — you can't count them; and when you stand on a rock in the midst and look out over the furry expanse it is so mottled and splashed and gay with color and frisking sheen and sun-flash, and so rippled with stripes, that you might think it was a lake, only you know it isn't; and there's storms of sociable birds, and hurricanes of whirring wings; and when the sun strikes all that feathery commotion, you have a blazing up of all the colors you can think of, enough to put your eyes out.

Usamljena! Ne, zbilja ne bih mogla reći da sam bila usamljena. Ta uvijek ih je cio čopor oko mene — katkad na prostoru od četiri do pet jutara — ne možeš ih sve ni izbrojiti; pa kad staneš na kakvu stijenu usred njih i pogledaš svu onu silesiju krzna, sve je tako šareno, tačkasto i veselo od boja, živa sjaja i sunčeva blijeska, i tako namreškano od pruga, da bi rekao da je jezero, samo što znaš da nije; pa onda jata i jata druželjubivih ptica i vihor od uzlepetalih krila; a kad sunce obasja tu pernatu vrevu, usplamte sve boje koje možeš zamisliti te misliš — obnevidjet ćeš.



We have made long excursions, and I have seen a great deal of the world; almost all of it, I think; and so I am the first traveler, and the only one. When we are on the march, it is an imposing sight — there's nothing like it anywhere. For comfort I ride a tiger or a leopard, because it is soft and has a round back that fits me, and because they are such pretty animals; but for long distance or for scenery I ride the elephant. He hoists me up with his trunk, but I can get off myself; when we are ready to camp, he sits and I slide down the back way.

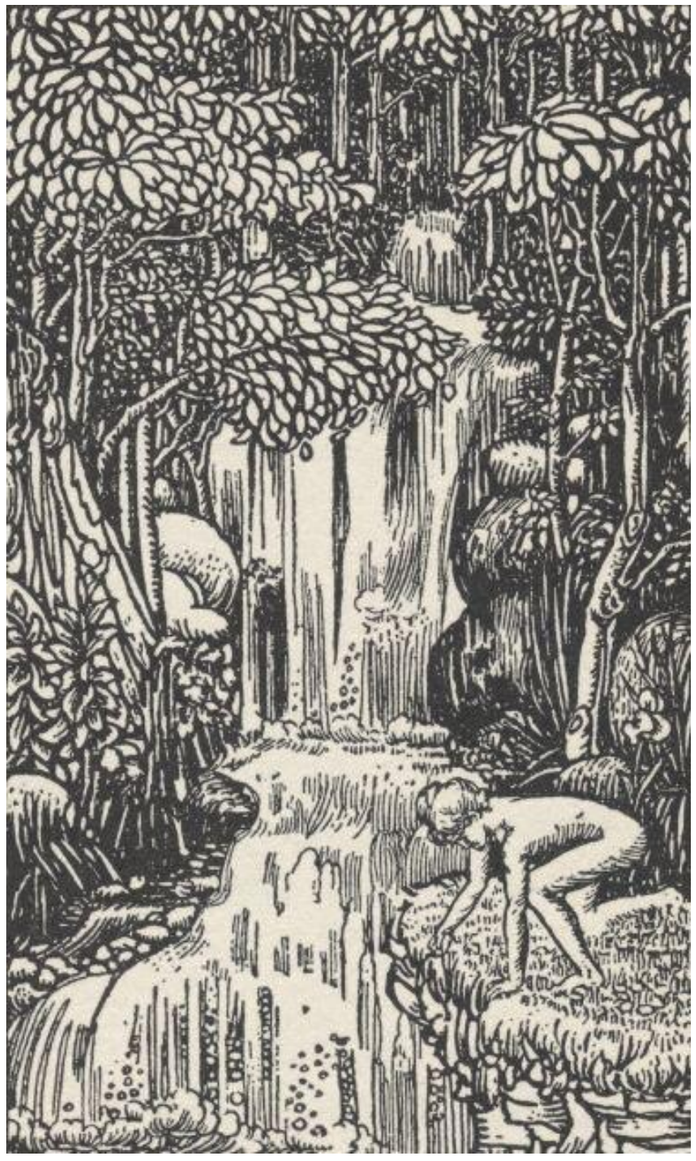
Išli smo na duge izlete pa sam vidjela mnogo svijeta; gotovo sav svijet, čini mi se; i tako sam ja prvi putnik, a i jedini. Veličanstven je prizor kad putujemo — ništa nije tome ravno. Da mi bude udobnije, uzjašem tigra ili leoparda zato što su mekani, a leđa su im obla i dobro mi pristaju, i zato što su tako zgodne životinje; ali kad putujem daleko ili kad želim promatrati krajolik, jašem na slonu. On me podigne surlom, a sići mogu i sama; kad hoćemo da se utaborimo, on sjedne, a ja mu spuznem niz leđa.

The birds and animals are all friendly to each other, and there are no disputes about anything. They all talk, and they all talk to me, but it must be a foreign language, for I cannot make out a word they say; yet they often understand me when I talk back, particularly the dog and the elephant. It makes me ashamed. It shows that they are brighter than I am, for I want to be the principal Experiment myself — and I intend to be, too.

I have learned a number of things, and am educated, now, but I wasn't at first. I was ignorant at first. At first it used to vex me because, with all my watching, I was never smart enough to be around when the water was running uphill; but now I do not mind it. I have experimented and experimented until now I know it never does run uphill, except in the dark. I know it does in the dark, because the pool never goes dry, which it would, of course, if the water didn't come back in the night. It is best to prove things by actual experiment; then you KNOW; whereas if you depend on guessing and supposing and conjecturing, you never get educated.

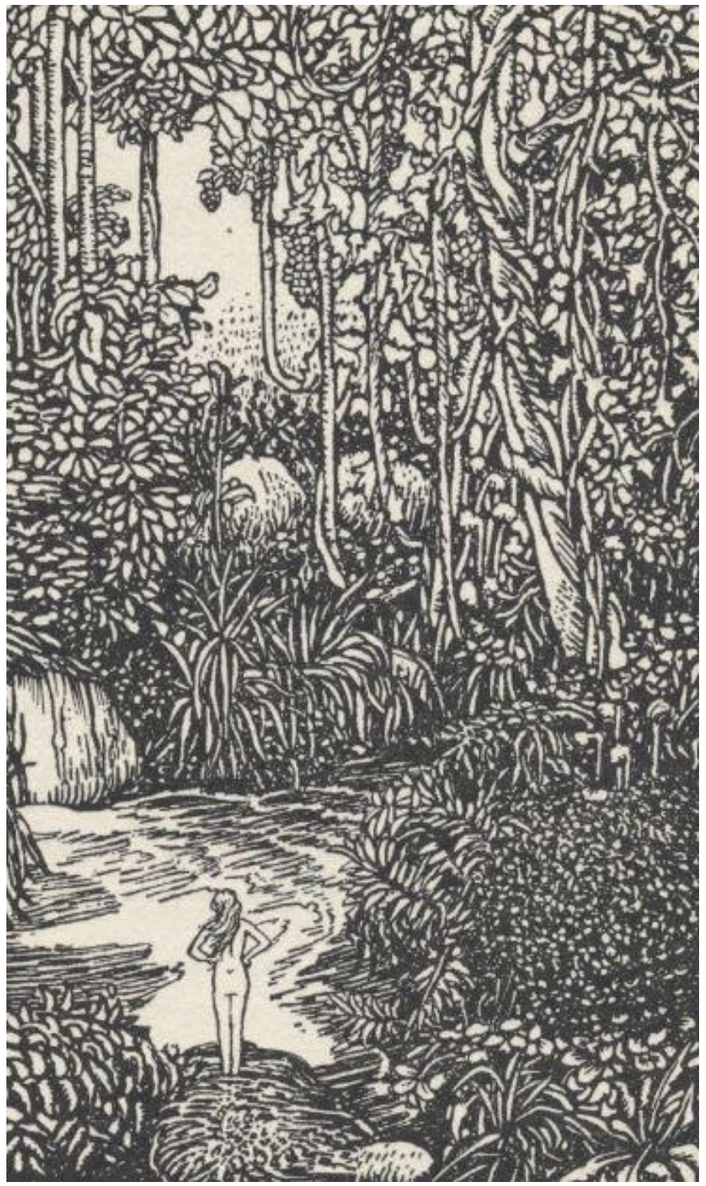
Sve ptice i životinje žive u prijateljstvu i među njima nema nikad svađa. Sve one govore i sve govore sa mnom, ali bit će da je to neki strani jezik jer ne razumijem ni riječi od onoga šta kažu; ipak, one mene često razumiju kad im govorim, napose pas i slon. Stidim se zbog toga. To pokazuje da su one bistrije od mene i da su iznad mene. Krivo mi je zbog toga jer bih htjela biti sama glavni pokusni kunić — što i kanim biti.

Šštošta sam naučila i sad sam obrazovana, ali ispočetka nisam bila. Ispočetka sam bila neuka. Isprva sam se ljutila zbog toga jer, ma koliko da sam pazila, nikad nisam bila toliko vješta da zateknem vodu kako teče uzbrdo; ali mi sad nije stalo do toga. Vršila sam pokuse i pokuse dok nisam utvrdila da ona nikad i ne teče uzbrdo, osim u mraku. Znam da u mraku teče uzbrdo, jer jezerce nikad ne presuši, što bi se, naravno, moralo dogoditi kad se voda ne bi noću vraćala. Najbolje je sve provjeriti stvarnim pokusom; onda zbilja znaš nešto; inače, ako se osloniš na nagađanje, naslućivanje i predmnijevanje, nikad nećeš postati obrazovan.



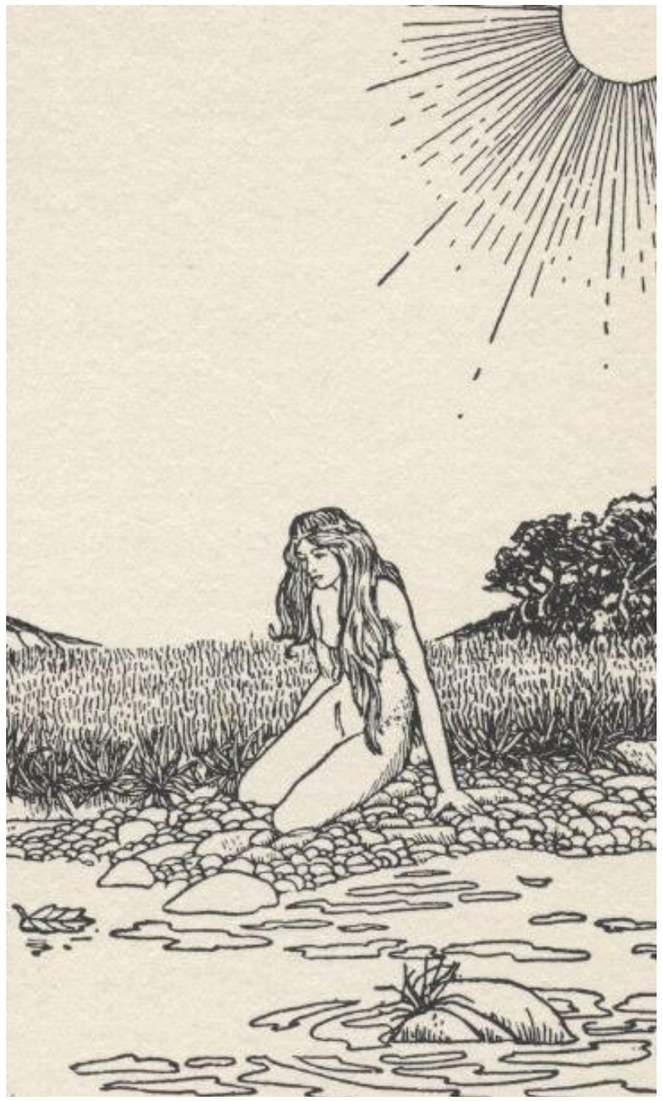
Some things you CAN'T find out; but you will never know you can't by guessing and supposing: no, you have to be patient and go on experimenting until you find out that you can't find out. And it is delightful to have it that way, it makes the world so interesting. If there wasn't anything to find out, it would be dull. Even trying to find out and not finding out is just as interesting as trying to find out and finding out, and I don't know but more so. The secret of the water was a treasure until I GOT it; then the excitement all went away, and I recognized a sense of loss.

Ponešto NE MOŽEŠ otkriti; ali nikad nećeš saznati da ne možeš, ako budeš samo nagađao i predmnijevao: nego, moraš biti strpljiv i neprestano vršiti pokuse sve dok ne otkriješ da ne možeš otkriti. A baš je divno što je tako, svijet je zato i tako zanimljiv. Kad ne bi bilo ničega da se otkriva, bilo bi dosadno. Čak i kad se trudiš da nešto otkriješ pa ne otkriješ, isto je tako zanimljivo kao i kad se trudiš da otkriješ pa zaista otkriješ, a, šta ja znam, možda je još i zanimljivije. Tajna je vode bila vrijedna dok je nisam razjasnila; onda je svega uzbuđenja nestalo i ja sam se osjećala kao da sam nešto izgubila.



By experiment I know that wood swims, and dry leaves, and feathers, and plenty of other things; therefore by all that cumulative evidence you know that a rock will swim; but you have to put up with simply knowing it, for there isn't any way to prove it — up to now. But I shall find a way — then THAT excitement will go. Such things make me sad; because by and by when I have found out everything there won't be any more excitements, and I do love excitements so! The other night I couldn't sleep for thinking about it.

Pokusom sam saznala da drvo pluta, kao i suho lišće, i perje, i koješta drugo; prema tome, na temelju svih tih prikupljenih dokaza, znaš da će i kamen plutati; ali se moraš zadovoljiti naprosto time što znaš, jer nema načina da to dokažeš — bar zasad. Ali ću ja već naći neki način — a tada će i to uzbuđenje proći. Ponekad se rastužim zbog toga; jer uskoro, kad sve otkrijem, neće više biti nikakvih uzbuđenja, a ja tako volim uzbuđenja! Neku noć nisam mogla zaspati od takvih misli.



At first I couldn’t make out what I was made for, but now I think it was to search out the secrets of this wonderful world and be happy and thank the Giver of it all for devising it. I think there are many things to learn yet — I hope so; and by economizing and not hurrying too fast I think they will last weeks and weeks. I hope so. When you cast up a feather it sails away on the air and goes out of sight; then you throw up a clod and it doesn’t. It comes down, every time. I have tried it and tried it, and it is always so. I wonder why it is? Of course it DOESN’T come down, but why should it SEEM to? I suppose it is an optical illusion. I mean, one of them is. I don’t know which one. It may be the feather, it may be the clod; I can’t prove which it is, I can only demonstrate that one or the other is a fake, and let a person take his choice.

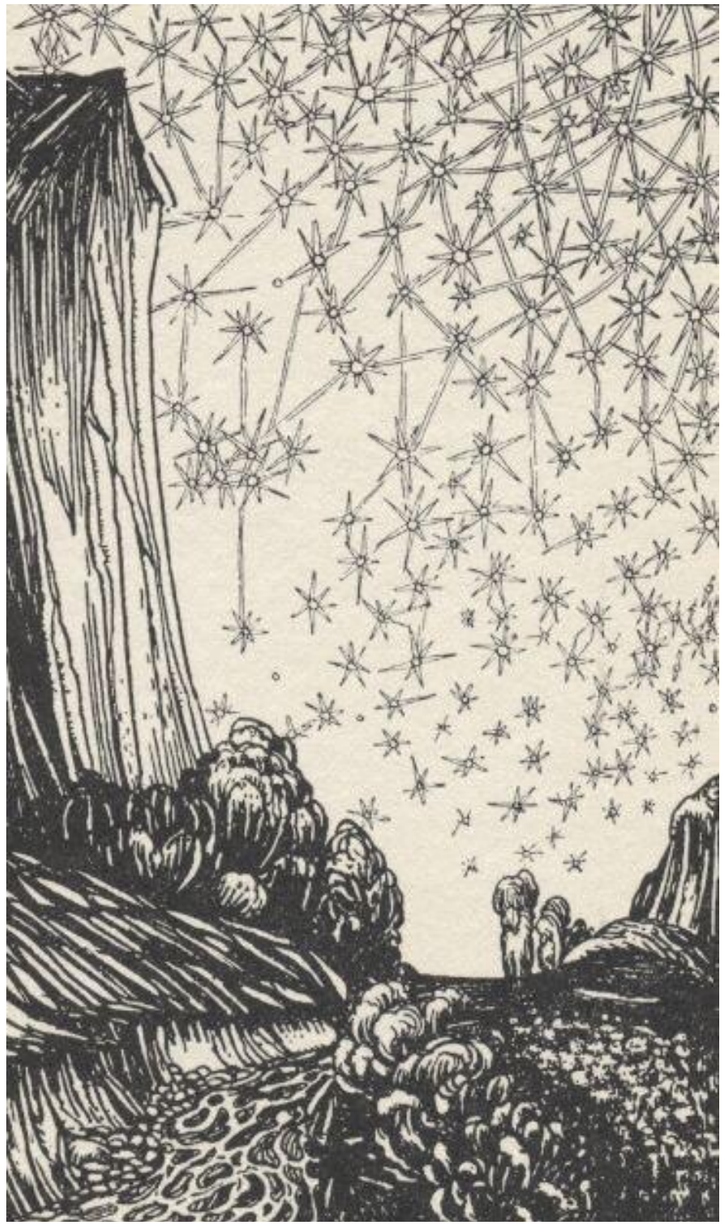
Ispočetka nisam mogla dokučiti zašto sam stvorena, ali sad mislim da sam stvorena zato da istražujem tajne ovoga krasnog svijeta, i da budem sretna, i da zahvaljujem Svoritelju što je sve to izmislio. Mislim da ima još mnogo toga da naučim — nadam se bar da je tako; pa ako budem dobro gospodarila i ako se ne budem odviše žurila, mislim da će mi trajati još sedmice i sedmice. Nadam se da hoće. Baciš li pero uvis, ono otplovi zrakom i iščezne ti s očiju; onda baciš grudu zemlje uvis, a ona ne učini tako. Svaki puta padne na zemlju. Pokušavala sam i pokušavala, i uvijek je bilo tako. čudim se, zašto? Naravno, gruda NE PADne na zemlju, ali zašto SE ČINI da padne? Držim da je to optička varka. Hoću da kažem, ili jedno ili drugo je optička varka. Ne znam koje. Možda je pero, a možda gruda; ne mogu dokazati koje je, mogu samo pokazati da je jedno ili drugo opsjena, pa neka svatko izabere šta mu se sviđa.

By watching, I know that the stars are not going to last. I have seen some of the best ones melt and run down the sky. Since one can melt, they can all melt; since they can all melt, they can all melt the same night. That sorrow will come — I know it. I mean to sit up every night and look at them as long as I can keep awake; and I will impress those sparkling fields on my memory, so that by and by when they are taken away I can by my fancy restore those lovely myriads to the black sky and make them sparkle again, and double them by the blur of my tears.

Promatranjem sam spoznala da zvijezde neće dugo. Vidjela sam kako su se neke od najljepših rastopile i pale s neba. Kad se može jedna rastopiti, sve se mogu rastopiti; kad se mogu sve rastopiti mogu se i sve rastopiti u jednoj noći. Ta će se nesreća zbiti — znam. Naumila sam da svaku noć dugo sjedim i da ih promatram dok me san ne obrva; hoću da mi se ta blistava polja urežu u sjećanje pa da uskoro, kad budu nestala, uzmognem svojom uobraziljom vratiti te prekrasne miri jade na crno nebo da iznova zablistaju i da ih podvostručim zamagljenošću od suza.

After the Fall

POSLIJE PADA

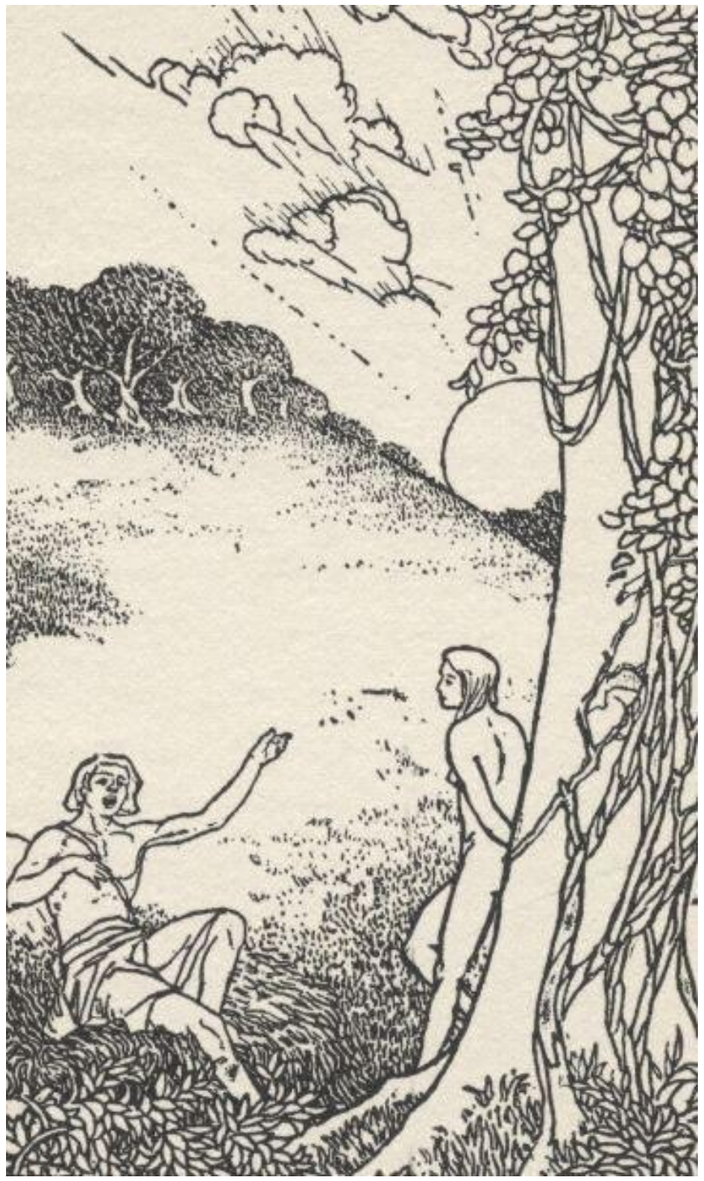


When I look back, the Garden is a dream to me. It was beautiful, surpassingly beautiful, enchantingly beautiful; and now it is lost, and I shall not see it any more.

Kad se osvrnem na prošlost, Vrt mi liči na san. Bio je lijep, izvanredno lijep, neopisivo lijep; a sad je izgubljen i nikad ga više neću vidjeti.

The Garden is lost, but I have found HIM, and am content. He loves me as well as he can; I love him with all the strength of my passionate nature, and this, I think, is proper to my youth and sex. If I ask myself why I love him, I find I do not know, and do not really much care to know; so I suppose that this kind of love is not a product of reasoning and statistics, like one's love for other reptiles and animals. I think that this must be so. I love certain birds because of their song; but I do not love Adam on account of his singing — no, it is not that; the more he sings the more I do not get reconciled to it. Yet I ask him to sing, because I wish to learn to like everything he is interested in. I am sure I can learn, because at first I could not stand it, but now I can. It sours the milk, but it doesn't matter; I can get used to that kind of milk.

Vrt je izgubljen, ali sam našla NJEGA i zadovoljna sam. On me voli koliko može; ja njega volim svom snagom svoje strastne naravi, što se, čini mi se, slaže s mojom mladošću i spolom. Kad se upitam zašto ga volim, uviđam da ne znam, a i nije mi baš ni stalo da saznam; stoga držim da ovakva ljubav nije plod prosuđivanja ni računa; kao ljubav prema drugim gmazovima i životinjama, čini mi se da tako mora biti. Ja volim neke ptice zbog njihova pjeva; ali Adama ne volim zbog njegova pjevanja — ne, nije to posrijedi; što više pjeva, to mi je teže navići se na njegovo pjevanje. Ipak ga molim da pjeva jer bih htjela naučiti da volim sve što njega zanima. Sigurna sam da mogu naučiti, jer isprva nisam mogla podnijeti da pjeva, a sad mogu. Od njegova se pjevanja ukiseli mlijeko, ali nije važno; naviknut ću se i na takvo mlijeko.



It is not on account of his brightness that I love him — no, it is not that. He is not to blame for his brightness, such as it is, for he did not make it himself; he is as God make him, and that is sufficient. There was a wise purpose in it, THAT I know. In time it will develop, though I think it will not be sudden; and besides, there is no hurry; he is well enough just as he is.

It is not on account of his gracious and considerate ways and his delicacy that I love him. No, he has lacks in this regard, but he is well enough just so, and is improving.

Ne volim ga ni zbog njegove bistrine — ne, nije ni to posrijedi. Ne valja mu zamjeriti zbog njegove bistrine, takve kakva jest, jer je nije on sam stvorio; on je onakav kakvim ga je Bog stvorio, i to je dovoljno. U tome se krije neka mudra svrha, TO znam. S vremenom će se razviti, mada mislim da se to neće zbiti naglo; a, uostalom, ima vremena; on je dobar i takav kakav jest.

Ne volim ga ni zbog njegova ljubazna i pažljiva vladanja, ni zbog njegove tankoćutnosti. Što se toga tiče, on zaista ima nedostataka, ali je i takav dosta dobar, i popravlja se.

It is not on account of his industry that I love him — no, it is not that. I think he has it in him, and I do not know why he conceals it from me. It is my only pain. Otherwise he is frank and open with me, now. I am sure he keeps nothing from me but this. It grieves me that he should have a secret from me, and sometimes it spoils my sleep, thinking of it, but I will put it out of my mind; it shall not trouble my happiness, which is otherwise full to overflowing.

It is not on account of his education that I love him — no, it is not that. He is self-educated, and does really know a multitude of things, but they are not so.

It is not on account of his chivalry that I love him — no, it is not that. He told on me, but I do not blame him; it is a peculiarity of sex, I think, and he did not make his sex. Of course I would not have told on him, I would have perished first; but that is a peculiarity of sex, too, and I do not take credit for it, for I did not make my sex.

Then why is it that I love him? MERELY BECAUSE HE IS MASCULINE, I think.

Ne volim ga ni zbog njegove marljivosti — ne, nije ni to posrijedi. Ja mislim da u njega ima marljivosti pa ne razumijem zašto je krije od mene. To me jedino boli. Inače je sad iskren i otvoren sa mnom. Sigurna sam da ništa drugo ne skriva od mene. Žao mi je što ima tajni preda mnom, pa ponekad ne mogu spavati jer mislim na to, ali ću ja to izbiti sebi iz glave; neće mi mutiti sreću koje inače imam u izobilju.

Ne volim ga ni zbog njegove obrazovanosti — ne, nije ni to posrijedi. On je samouk i doista zna veoma mnogo, ali nije sve baš onako kako on misli.

Ne volim ga ni zbog njegova viteštva — ne, nije ni to posrijedi. On me je izdao, ali mu ja ne zamjeram; to je, čini mi se, osobina njegova spola, a on nije izabrao svoj spol. Naravno ja njega nikad ne bih izdala, radije bih sebi odgrizla jezik; ali to je opet osobina moga spola, i nije nikakva moja zasluga jer ja nisam izabrala svoj spol.

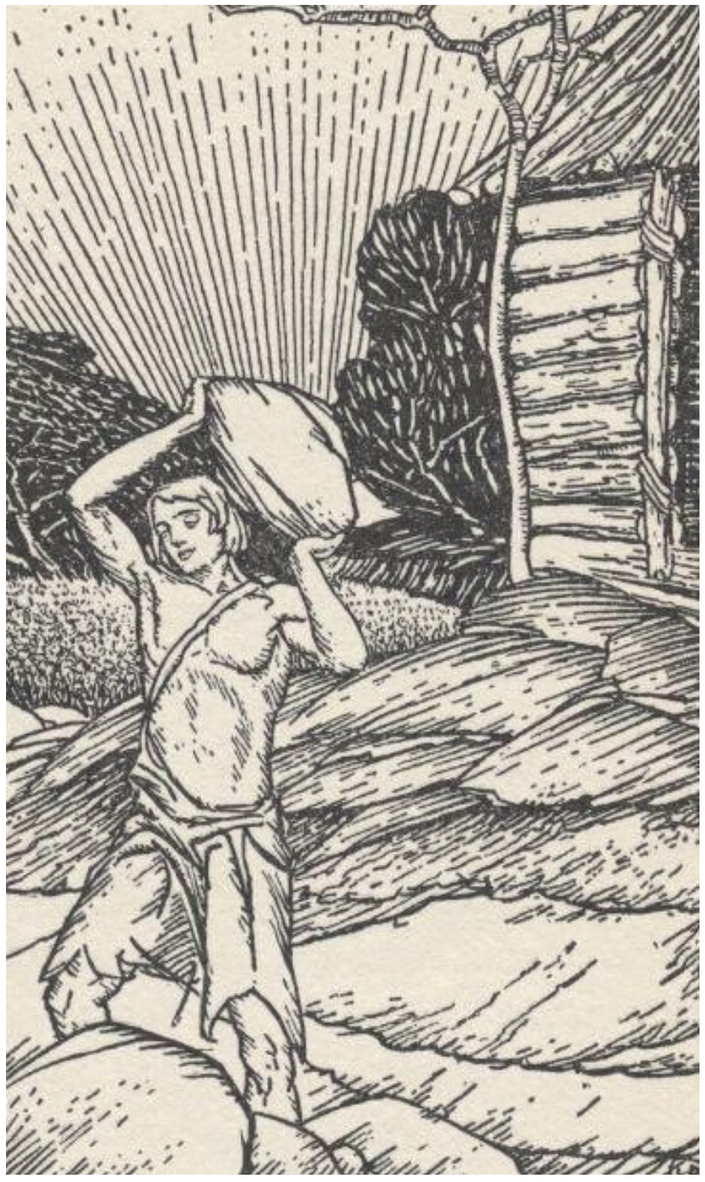
Pa zašto ga onda volim? NAPROSTO ZATO ŠTO JE MUŠKO, čini mi se.

At bottom he is good, and I love him for that, but I could love him without it. If he should beat me and abuse me, I should go on loving him. I know it. It is a matter of sex, I think.

He is strong and handsome, and I love him for that, and I admire him and am proud of him, but I could love him without those qualities. If he were plain, I should love him; if he were a wreck, I should love him; and I would work for him, and slave over him, and pray for him, and watch by his bedside until I died.

U duši je dobar i zato ga volim, ali bih ga voljela i da nije takav. Kad bi me tukao i zlostavljao, opet bih ga voljela. Znam to. Mislim da je to pitanje spola.

On je snažan i pristao, i zato ga volim, divim mu se i ponosim se njime, ali bih ga voljela i da nema tih odlika. Voljela bih ga i da je ružan; voljela bih ga i da je kljast; i radila bih za njega, i robovala bih mu, i molila se za nj, i bdjela uz njegovo uzglavlje, sve do svoje smrti.



Yes, I think I love him merely because he is MINE and is MASCULINE. There is no other reason, I suppose. And so I think it is as I first said: that this kind of love is not a product of reasonings and statistics. It just COMES — none knows whence — and cannot explain itself. And doesn't need to.

It is what I think. But I am only a girl, the first that has examined this matter, and it may turn out that in my ignorance and inexperience I have not got it right.

Jest, mislim da ga volim naprosto zato što je MOJ i što je MUŠKO. Držim da nema drugog razloga. I zato mislim da je onako kako sam u početku kazala: da ovakva ljubav nije plod prosuđivanja ni računa. Ona se naprosto JAVI — nitko ne zna otkud — i ne može se razjasniti. I ne treba da se razjasni.

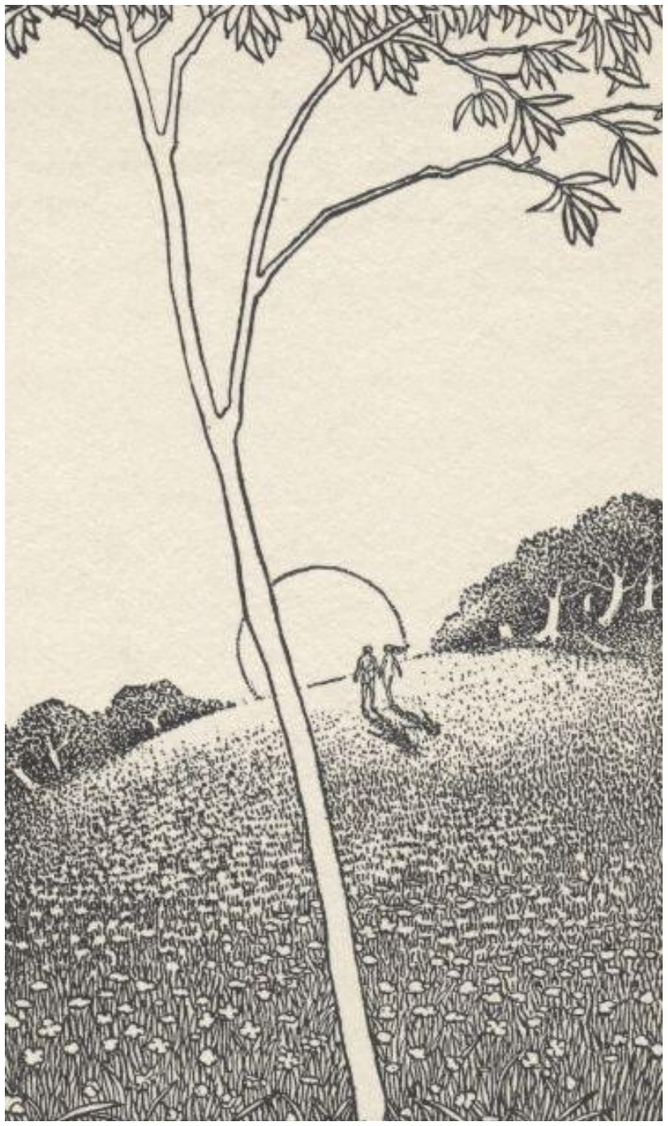
Eto, tako ja mislim. Ali sam ja tek žensko, i to prvo koje se bavilo ovim pitanjem, pa se može dogoditi da sam se, ovako neuka i neiskusna, i prevarila.

Forty Years Later

NAKON ČETRDESET GODINA

It is my prayer, it is my longing, that we may pass from this life together — a longing which shall never perish from the earth, but shall have place in the heart of every wife that loves, until the end of time; and it shall be called by my name.

Molim se i žudim za tim da zajedno napustimo ovaj svijet — ta žudnja neće. nikad nestati s lica zemlje, već će živjeti u srcu svake žene koja voli dok je svijeta i vijeka; i zvat će se po meni.



But if one of us must go first, it is my prayer that it shall be I; for he is strong, I am weak, I am not so necessary to him as he is to me — life without him would not be life; how could I endure it? This prayer is also immortal, and will not cease from being offered up while my race continues. I am the first wife; and in the last wife I shall be repeated.

Ako ipak mora jedno od nas poći prvo, molim Boga da to budem ja; jer je Adam jak, a ja sam slaba, ja njemu nisam toliko potrebna koliko on meni — život bez njega ne bi bio nikakav život; kako bih ga podnosila? Ova je molitva isto tako besmrtna, i molit će se dokle god bude moga roda. Ja sam prva žena; a i u posljednjoj ću se obnoviti.

At Eve’s Grave

NA EVINU GROBU

ADAM: Wheresoever she was, THERE was Eden.

ADAM: Gdje god je ona bila, TU je bio Raj.